

The TATLER

Vol. CLV. No. 2018

London
February 28, 1940



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

SANDERSON
WALLPAPERS AND FABRICS

For three generations, Sanderson Wallpapers have provided home backgrounds for people of taste. Ask to see the newest ranges—also the latest Sanderson 'Indecolor' Fabrics.

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS, LTD. Showrooms: 53 Berners St., W.1 • 6-7 Newton Terrace, Glasgow, G.2.

By Appointment to the late King George V.

Charles Heidsieck
Champagne • Reims

1928 VINTAGE
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

Rouyer
Cognac

Rouyer, Guillet & Co.
Est. 1801

THE BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

earnestly appeals for help

to enable them to keep pace with the urgent and increasing cost of maintaining Homes and Hostels in ports all over the Empire for our seafarers' needs

Donations welcomed by Hon. Treasurer, The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., 680 Commercial Road, London, E.14. Mr. Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary

UNIQUE FOR WARTIME RESIDENCE OR REST



Telephone: Sanderstead 2001

WARTIME TERMS REDUCTION

20%—25%
No avoidable alteration in standard
Illustrated brochure free on request

Over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills, yet only half an hour from the heart of London.

SELSTON PARK
Hotel

SANDERSTEAD, SURREY

Full en pension terms with free service to station. Billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, solarium, all free. Riding. Remote from other buildings in own park of 230 acres in a neutral area. Adequate subterranean gas-proof air raid shelter. Over 150 rooms, the majority with private bathroom. FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE

NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

(FOUNDED 1839)

For the relief of distress amongst disabled and aged Members of all sections of the distributing side of the News Trade, their widows and dependent children.

Over £9,000 is distributed annually in Pensions, Temporary Aid and other forms of assistance

Please send a GIFT to The Secretary, 15/16 Farringdon St., London, E.C.4

BISQUIT DUBOUCHÉ

Cognac-Brandy

DINNEFORD'S

pure fluid **MAGNESIA**

for Delicate Stomachs

For over 100 years Dinneford's has been the safest and most reliable corrective for all digestive disturbances to which those with delicate stomachs are prone. It is so bland that it has never harmed the most delicate infant and yet so effective that there is nothing better for adults.

BLAND SAFE EFFECTIVE

...with the coming of spring thoughts turn to new clothes—at Swan & Edgar they are showing a marvellous collection in three special size shops—small sizes—stock sizes—full sizes—fashions so inexpensively priced.

—this is from the
Stock Size Department



"SPRING PARADE." A versatile spring coat, double-breasted for smartness and edged with self-coloured braid. In navy or black. Hip sizes 38, 40, 42 and 44 in. **60/-**

Sent on approval if requested

Swan & Edgar
Piccadilly Circus, W.1



*Extravagant
Lips—*

AND AN EASY CONSCIENCE

You can still have the liveliest, most extravagant lips in town—lips that match your dresses, lips that change colour with the mood and moment—for GALA has arrived. GALA is Outdoor Girl's famous lipstick all dressed up for smart occasions. Its case is chaste and restrained, fashioned of fluted chromium. GALA shades are many and gay, matched to the new dress colours. And the price of a GALA Lipstick is such that you can ring the changes on your lips without outraging conscience or your war-time dress budget. And, of course, every GALA Lipstick has a base of olive oil, to nourish your lips just as a skin-food nourishes your skin, to make the rich colour flow creamily... softly... and indelibly.

Quick, make to-day a GALA DAY.

OUTDOOR GIRL

Gala

OLIVE OIL LIPSTICK

the liveliest lipstick in Town!



2/6
REFILLS 1/3

MATCHING GALA POWDER AND LIPSTICK IN SETS 3/9 AND 5/-

The TATTLER

Vol. CLV. No. 2018. London, February 28, 1940

POSTAGE: Inland 1½d.; Canada and
Newfoundland 1½d.; Foreign 2d. Price One Shilling



Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

LADY NEWBOROUGH

The birth of a daughter to Lord and Lady Newborough was announced from Paris, on the fifteenth of last month. Their Paris home has been handed over to the French military authorities. Lady Newborough, the former Miss Deniza Braun, is Lord Newborough's second wife, whom he married last year. She is a talented musician, and in other preoccupations a keen golfer and the owner of her own private course

And the World Said—



CAPTAIN FREDERICK S. BELL, C.B. (H.M.S. "EXETER")
AND LADY ASTOR, LADY MAYORESS OF PLYMOUTH

At the dance which followed the luncheon given at the Guildhall, Plymouth, in honour of the officers and men of H.M.S. *Exeter*. Lord Astor is the Mayor of Plymouth, and Lady Astor is the member for the Plymouth Sutton Division. Captain Bell was received by His Majesty on February 20, and invested with the insignia of the C.B. How he conned his ship during the action off the River Plate, when all the usual methods of communication were shot away, is a page of recent and glorious naval history



H.R.H. THE
DUCHESS OF KENT

THERE are so many things happening simultaneously, either in the news or behind it; with much uneasy conjecture, here, and in the United States, that no commentator can hope to catch all the threads and weave them into a plausible pattern. Too many try. An American reader opines the visit of Mr. Sumner Welles is a clever move by the President who has sent him as a sop to the isolationists in Congress, and to Pan-American public opinion. Most U.S. citizens are babes (though not in arms) who still vaguely hope that all the world's troubles will be smooth as glass in the near, and rosy future. Mr. Roosevelt is a realist, as well as idealist. He knows the Democracies are fighting for world decency, and has palpably shown his sympathy for the Allied cause. If he is to help us when our backs are to the wall he must be able to swing the Forty-Eight States, and possibly the South American republics as well. Consequently, at this stage he cannot appear prejudiced, so he sends a strictly neutral, far from pro-British, investigator, whose report, if honest, as Mr. Roosevelt obviously believes it will be, should



CLIVE BROOK'S PRETTY YOUNG DAUGHTER

Miss Faith Brook, daughter of the famous actor, who has been chosen as one of the Maids of Honour at the Débutantes' Ball, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, which takes place at Grosvenor House, tomorrow night (February 29)

A picture taken on the occasion of Her Royal Highness's visit to Australia House, last week, to inspect the progress made in the war work at the London H.Q. of the Commonwealth. The attractive hat which the Duchess of Kent wore, was a tiny black straw, trimmed with pink ribbon bows

tell against Germany and Russia, and rouse sufficient feeling in favour of the Allies to make possible whatever measures the President may sponsor at the psychological moment. His position would then be virtually impregnable, as General Smuts's has become in the Union. This theory only holds water if the President has made up his mind to run for a third term. Let us hope he has, for Franklin D. Roosevelt is indubitably the greatest political figure on the revolving stage—not excepting Signor Mussolini. Letters from different parts of Italy indicate that the Pope, the Royal Family and the People are decidedly pro-Ally in sympathy, however anti-war in principle, but as the Fascist Government does not share these views, we should bear in mind that "anything may happen" when the situation in the Near East develops. General Smuts is not only keeping South Africa's troops at home

in order to placate the dwindling, would-be neutral followers of Hertzog & Co., but as a strategic, precautionary measure. In Rhodesia the Empire air-training scheme goes ahead. From Capetown I hear that Colonel Stallard (who is a South African edition of Sir Henry Page-Croft, but more incisive) believes the war will last some time, and that Smuts himself takes a long view, which sombre reflection catapults us to New York, in search of something silly. The fuss about Garbo will do. No longer a Strindberg figure, blank with mysterious despair, this lovely creature has become a woman about town—seen at shops and theatres. She even sits at "21," the most expensive place to sup, where top-bracket critics, wits and celebrities frequent a downstairs bar; that is provided "Jack" and "Charlie" have not moved it upstairs since last year! Garbo does not merely sit and stare, she has gone all social, lunching at George Blumenthal's, taking tea at Mrs. Otto Preminger's, and walking with Mrs. Victor Freedley. What next? Possibly marriage with Dr. Hauser, the young Californian dietician who taught her to drink turnip juice, and to laugh. He accompanied her on a Nassau fishing holiday, and the gossips say it is for him she now visits beauty parlours, buys smart hats and has wonderful clothes created for her by Valentina. Or is this romance a publicity stunt to coincide with *Ninotchka's* release? Personally, I have never seen Garbo, on or off, so I do not much care, but most of you must be burning to know if it is the Real Thing. England has a new star, Barbara Mullen, who won unstinted praise as the heroine of Aimée Stewart's tiny play *Jeannie*. She is the Gaelic-speaking daughter of Pat Mullen, the novelist, who lives in the Aran Islands.

Coeur Flottant; la marquise de Pont l'Évêque; la comtesse de Camembert; la princesse Gruyère; la baronne de Brie and la vicomtesse de Roquefort. We can picture them kicking their perfect



MRS. DUNCAN SANDYS, AN OFFICER OF THE W.R.N.S.

The eldest daughter of our forceful and highly efficient First Lord of the Admiralty and Mrs. Winston Churchill, married Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Member for Norwood, in 1935. Mr. Duncan Sandys was in an A.A. regiment on the outbreak, and was formerly in the Diplomatic Service



MISS MOLLIE SULLIVAN WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

The engagement of the only daughter of Captain W. P. and Mrs. D. Sullivan, to Second Lieutenant W. E. Heinemann, R.A., was announced last week. Miss Sullivan was a débutante of the Coronation year

At twenty-one Barbara also writes, as does her twin brother Patrick, but after this initial success, the stage, and probably the screen, will use all her talent. This new girl began as a child dancer. So did Gertrude Lawrence whose performance in *Skylark* at the Morosco Theatre, N.Y.C., has won a gold medal. Cole Porter gets my bronze penny for giving the *Dames de la Cour* in his *Du Barry was a Lady* these mouth-watering names: la duchesse du

dope from New York. Barbara Hutton Mdivani Haugwitz-Reventlow is entertaining this season. Very, I mean a lot, in the Harrison-Williams' house. Mrs. Davies, ex-U.S. Ambassador to Brussels, has opened her cake-like *palazzo*, which is not even early Metro-Goldwyn in period, though it would be if it was in Hollywood, if you get me. "Laddie" Sanford spent January, and some of February, in hospital with typhoid, contracted on a shooting trip in North Carolina. Motto—stick to South Carolina where everything in Aiken is swell and sporting, and everything in Charleston exquisitely fragrant and old English. His effervescent wife, Mary Duncan Sanford, and her interesting sister-in-law, Gertie Sanford Legendre, continue to play such good golf at the Gulf Stream Club that very few men can give them a stroke. Harvey Ladew (who almost stayed in England when war broke out because he likes us) does not try; he gives them tea. His house is twenty minutes away from the social war, at Delray Beach, where Simon Elwes did so much painting last season. Another of last year's British visitors, Ian Wilson-Young of the F.O., was married in London last week to Mrs. Coudert Nast, Condé Nast's ex-daughter-in-law, Charlotte Brown, an American débutante who made a considerable stir here in the Roaring Twenties, with her flaxen coils (when heads were shingled) and her conversational attainments when debts were dumb. Her husband is one of the most winning of the studiously charming Foreign Office boys. Girls out-number boys at Palm Beach as usual, but American-born Principessa Laura Rospigliosi's débutante daughters are enjoying a whirl. Most things still happen in the Alibi, Ali Mackintosh's recently extended Palm Beach bar, made unique by his personality allied to the comparatively stable climate, and the high proportion of millionaire material available as steady drinkers. Seen on Worth Avenue—Harold Vanderbilt (whose sister



LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND MRS. REGINALD MCKENNA

At the ladies' committee meeting at the Carlton Hotel, in connexion with the gala performance to be held at the Palace Theatre, for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund. The matinée is under the direct patronage of their Majesties. Lady Louis Mountbatten is the Lady County President of the London Division of the Red Cross Society

And the World said—(continued)

Madame Jacques Balsan has not opened her lovely island house in the vicinity as she is war-working in France where her gallant septuagenarian husband holds an aviation-liaison appointment); the Jay O'Briens (of course); the Eric Lodgers; the young Pershings; Norma Talmadge; the Wideners (though "Pete" has been away, ill); the Beverly Bogerts who give enormous parties; "Moana" Williams in unbecoming calf-length trews; and Baroness d'Erlanger from this side. Lord and Lady Ennisdale have decided not to go over. Fanfare for England, Home, Duty and the Plumber. You may be cheered to recall that on March 12, 1895, the much-quoted frost gave over. And those who in the sunny past booked rooms at Montego Bay, only to find this Jamaican paradise stiff with foreign bodies, and nothing but dormitory accommodation available, will be interested to hear that at the peak of the season Casa Blanca was only half full, the Dumbles and the Palmers representing the Old Guard. War has hit the tourist trade in Jamaica very hard, just when the Commissioner, Mr. ("father of ten") Robertson, had made such comprehensive plans. Let us hope the island recoups on fruit and sugar as time marches on. Nassau is luckier. Always more dependent on rich Canadian and American winter residents, and on cruise visitors from New York, than on us, the yachting season is unaffected, and the classic Miami-Nassau race for the Bahamas Government Cup, was followed, as usual, by a dance at which H.E. Sir Charles Dundas presented the trophies. "Bob" Johnson, who had won it three years running in his beautiful schooner *Stormy Weather*, entered again but with his new racer, *Good News*. The Robert Woods Johnsons are young Americans of decorative, Nordic appearance. He likes sailing, and she likes parties. Their neighbours on Hog Island (where Commander "Jimmy" Dugdale has been greatly missed) are the Swedish-American refrigerator millionaire, Axel Wenner-Gren, and his wife, who helped to rescue survivors from the *Athenia*, stripping their fine yacht, *Southern Cross*, to clothe the unhappy sufferers from Germany's first mass sea murder of the Second German War. Now Mr. Wenner-Gren is cutting a canal from the sea to an inland lake on Hog Island, close to his estate "Shangri-la" which forms the northern wind-breaker of Nassau Harbour. (Garbo has been sheltering there). This canal is an unselfish gesture as it will provide anchorage for yachts of the *Good News* class, but not for his own wopper. The war did Nassau a good turn at Bermuda's expense. Bermuda's tourist trade was captured owing to circumstances over which neither archipelago had any control. The Yale rugby team, which had beaten Bermuda at Hamilton these seven seasons, decided to beat Nassau for a nice change. The boys afterwards sampled the "Lake of Fire" bar, adjoining the Jungle Club, of cacophonous renown. A Headdress Ball was run there by "Lady Jane" Williams-Taylor in aid of the Bahamas Humane Society. Among the supporters was Colonel Frederic Wanklyn, the Canadian resident who is raising and training a very enthusiastic Bahamian Defence Force, a most excellent and timely thing to do.

Scotland has given enthusiastic approval to the marriage



MR. AND MRS. IAN WILSON-YOUNG

Leaving the Caxton Hall Register Office after their wedding last week. The bride was formerly Mrs. Charlotte Nast, and was a daughter-in-law of Mr. Condé Nast, the famous American publisher. Mr. Ian Wilson-Young is a Second Secretary at the Foreign Office, and a personal friend of the Duke and Duchess of Kent

between "Mac" Mackeson (a prize whom every Border belle has been trying to capture for some fifteen years) of the Greys and Alethea Talbot of Maxpoffle, Roxburghe's most popular girl. An orphan, and an only child, she has a sweet and cheerful disposition, exceptionally neat ankles and none of the tiresome superiority complex shown by many hunting lassies in the Scotch dukeries. Miss Talbot was lunching with friends at Quaglino's a few days before her wedding, the party including Colonel John Galbraith, who can be labelled frae Dumfriesshire viâ somewhere in Wilts. Also in the restaurant were the "Weary" Liddells (both on leave, she from a canteen in Warwickshire, he from a seaside resort); Lady Helena Hilton-Green, better remembered as Lady "Boodley" FitzWilliam of the dazzling complexion; Miss Pamela Frankau *en route* for another continent and treasuring a letter of introduction from Mr. Quaglino to a *confrère* in Genoa; Mr. "Blackie" Drummond-Black who has the same

table every day but not the same guest, and, together, those decorative matrons Mrs. Murray Smith, tall, dark and handsome, and Mrs. Tom Dundas, small, fair and pretty. The latter's husband is a brother of Sir Philip Dundas who, like "Bunny" Austin, is deeply interested in Moral Rearmament. He lives in Midlothian, a thinking region, where some famous campaigns have been fought on political issues. Not only hard-headed Lowlanders, but people all over England and Scotland found themselves in accord with Lord Stair's letter in which he exposed firstly the wool racket, and then an unpalatable aspect of the dole. Lord Stair is a Dalrymple, therefore a good soldier and of strong intellect, but he has never written to "Auntie Times" before, so in this matter he was inexperienced, and probably did not realize that a letter which hits the Government bull's-eye, rarely find a place on the middle page, unless it is inspired, as a *ballon d'essai*, to test public reaction to a particular policy. *The Times*, being the Government organ, and the wool racket a Government scandal, Lord Stair was lucky to get a word in, but that word has flown from lip to lip. Women who may not be

very clear-minded about more complicated issues, know the value of £s. d., and it has enraged them to hear that while they cannot get the cheapest knitting wool—hardly worth using—for less than five shillings a pound, the farmers are obliged to sell black-faced sheep's wool at tenpence a pound, which, after another shilling has been added for processing from the sheep's back to the skein in the shop window, proves an indefensible case of Government grab. This three shillings and twopence profit on every pound and much more for the better qualities, is not spent prosecuting the war, but frittered on salaries of innumerable controllers, sub-controllers and their *secretariat*, namely *Commissars, à la Russe*, whose *paperasse* alone wastes thousands of pounds a day. This rot will only stop when landowners, farmers, all traders and the whole individualist backbone of the country—ungrammatically US—chase out bureaucracy, and so bring victory nearer. The present maze would be comic if it was not so serious.

Luckily we can still laugh. The wits crack in the Ritz bar where Brother Arlen, admiring Captain Soldatenkov's suède waistcoat, queried "But is it sound proof?"

OUR "PIN-UP" PICTURES

In the next issue, our Spring Number, we commence a series of beautiful "Pin-Up" pictures which will, we are sure, be enthusiastically welcomed, particularly by our soldiers, sailors, airmen and home defence units. Dainty, daring, delightful, they will provide ideal "Pin-Up" decorations for dugouts, billets and the often gloomy headquarters of our home defence army. Drawn by a famous artist, under the nom-de-plume of Renée Charron, they should outrival the amazing popularity of the Kirschner pictures in the Great War. Do not fail to obtain your copy by ordering now.

AMONGST THOSE WHO WERE AT NEWBURY 'CHASES



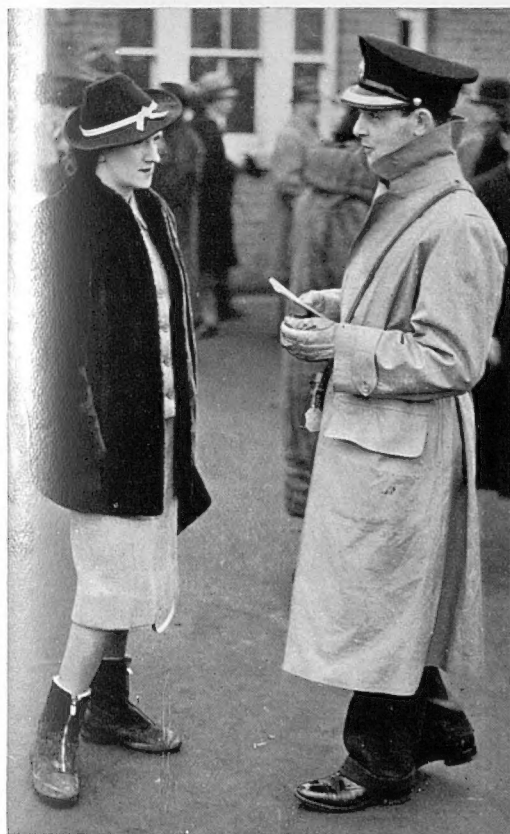
LORD AND LADY GEORGE
SCOTT (NÉE MOLLY BISHOP)



MR. MAX NIVEN (DAVID'S BROTHER)
AND MRS. ANTHONY KIMMINS



LORD STANLEY WITH
LADY SMILEY



LADY JANE NELSON AND
THE HON. RONALD STRUTT



SIR JOHN AND LADY CHILD AND
(CENTRE) MRS. CHARLES KERR



MISS DIANA MAINWARING
AND LIEUTENANT MAINWARING

Newbury put itself even more in the news than it is already by the first-class 'chasing meeting of last week. It has been announced by the Jockey Club that bar accidents Newbury will have the new Derby and Oaks on June 12 and 13. The choice is an excellent one. The day these pictures were secured they had a real bumper day's jumping: good fields from find to finish and one or two needle contests. Lord George Scott and wife naturally backed the regiment in the United Services' Handicap—"Kim" getting it on Tetray and "Roscoe" Harvey was second on Santick. Gowran Ranger, first home, was disqualified—so war or no war, mechanized or not, this famous cavalry unit is still keeping its end up. The large audience was heavily salted with The Brigade of Guards, and it is hardly necessary to name the regiments for most people know them. Lord Stanley, Lord Derby's grandson, the Hon. Ronald Strutt, Lord Belper's son and heir, Sir John Child were some of them, and Lady Jane Nelson's husband, Mr. E. J. B. Nelson, is another Guardsman. She is a sister of the 9th (late) Duke of Grafton. Lady Smiley's husband, Sir Hugh Smiley, is another who is serving in The Brigade



HEDY LAMARR—PLAYING LEAD
IN "I TAKE THIS WOMAN"

The new M-G-M film is due in London in about two months' time and was, at the time of going to press, in the editing stage. Spencer Tracy is the male lead. Hedy Lamarr's most outstanding film previous to this was *Lady of the Tropics*, in which Robert Taylor was her opposite number

“AND now, on the subject of Sarah, I am sworn to an Iago-like silence. From this time forth I never will speak the word!” An excellent vow fully meant, when years ago I made it in my first “Ego.” And I have kept it reasonably well since. But, as all the world who reads me knows, Bernhardt is to me what King Charles's head was to Mr. Dick, and the world is now to suppose that somebody incautiously brought up the subject of King Charles in Mr. Dick's presence! This is what has happened to me in connexion with the new Greta Garbo film, *Ninotchka*, at the Empire. Mr. Campbell Dixon, of *The Daily Telegraph*, begins it: “I would say Miss Garbo is one of the great actresses of the world, one of the very few whose passing would leave a great, unfillable void. It's no use parroting that she is not Bernhardt.” And again: “Garbo alone gives the impression of being bigger than her rôle; she alone, without tricks and ‘hammy’ fireworks, can dominate a scene quietly, even silently, as they say Duse did.” And here is Miss Dilys Powell in *The Sunday Times*: “Whether or not Greta Garbo is a good actress I have no idea, but I am sure she is a great actress. . . . The good actor has the chameleon's ability of matching his surroundings; his colour changes to suit his part. I am inclined to suspect that the great actor has the reverse of the chameleon's art; he changes the colour of everything round him. Also he is of a size to fill the stage (or the screen) as well as transforming it. Greta Garbo, alone among contemporary film actresses, has this kind of emotional size.”

Between them these two colleagues are responsible for a wonderful jumble of right and wrong, sense and nonsense. Mr. Dixon, whether he knows it or not, is under the delusion that any actress who can act is necessarily “ham,” and that the great actress is one who, instead of fulfilling her part, betrays it by blazing or mooning all over her author's stage in her own proper person. This is what Miss Powell calls being “the reverse of the chameleon.” Agreed, O Dilys! But don't you see that there are two ways of not being a chameleon? It is untrue to say that Sarah was always Sarah; it is true to say that Bernhardt was always one of many Bernhardts, since Phèdre, Pelléas, and Marguerite Gautier were all like Sarah but not at all like each other. This quality is the same which Max once described in Irving as “multi-radiance.” Now my own eyes told me that when Duse played them, Adrienne Lecouvreur and Mrs. Alving were not only exactly like the actress impersonating them, but exactly like each other. But I have lots of evidence, apart from my own eyes, that Duse was, shall I say, uni-radiant? Of her Marguerite the French critic Lemaître said, that she

THE CINEMA

Garbo

By JAMES AGATE

turned Dumas's courtesan into “une grisette extrêmement distinguée et un peu préraphaélite, une grisette de Botticelli. On ne se la figure pas un instant riant faux dans les soupers, allumant les hommes, s'appliquant à leur manger beaucoup d'argent, ni faisant aucune des choses qui concernent son état. Presque tout de suite, sans combat préalable, sans défiance, sans étonnement de se sentir prise, et prise de cette façon-la, elle donne son cœur à Armand. Elle a même trouvé pour cela un beau geste symbolique, un geste adorable d'oblation religieuse, que Dumas fils n'avait certainement pas prévu.” Maurice Baring affirms this: “When Armand hurled money at Marguerite at the end of the fourth act, her cries: ‘Armando! Armando! Armando!’ and the look in her eyes as she uttered the cry, made you feel that an intolerable outrage was being done to something supremely noble.” And I suggest that when Dumas *fils* turned that outrageous nymphomaniac, Marie Duplessis, into the single-hearted Marguerite Gautier, he went exactly as far as he intended, and that in making Dumas's character an example of supreme nobility, Duse was bettering instruction. Max said about her, that when she played “that soul of restless mischief, Hedda Gabler, Signora Duse suggested the weary calm of one who has climbed to a summit high above the gross world. She was as one who sighs, but can afford to smile, being at rest with herself. She was spiritual, statuesque, somnambulistic, what you will, always in direct opposition to eager, snappy, fascinating, nasty little Hedda Gabler. Resignedly she shot the pistol from the window. Resignedly she bent over the book of photographs with the lover who had returned. Resignedly she lured him to drunkenness. Resignedly she committed his MS. to the flames. Resignation, as always, was the keynote of her performance. And here, as often elsewhere, it rang false.” And only last year, Gordon Craig was writing about this same actress: “She evoked the sadness of things supremely well—always that, on and off the stage. She seemed comfortable in grief. Her presence called out all except joy and fun. Her beauty somehow seemed linked by her for ever with sadness; and the beauty outside her had to conform to the convention she established.” So much for Duse; now for Garbo.

I have always thought that Garbo was a great screen actress—nothing will induce me to call a woman an *actress* until I have seen her on the stage proper—magnificent along Duse's lines, but also capable of making successful raids into the Bernhardt country. A superb moper, her moping is more than life-size, reminding the spectator of the “coniferous moaning” of the tallest pine in the largest of her Swedish forests. And she has for me passed the Bernhardt test in a dozen films including, if you please, *La Dame aux Camélias*. Judge, then, of my surprise when on going to the Empire I found my hopes in Garbo disappointed, and my colleagues' dithyrambs wildly unfulfilled! For in my view, Garbo in *Ninotchka*, gives no performance at all. For half an hour she is glum in the stereotyped Garbo fashion. And then she is supposed to laugh, and doesn't. She opens her mouth wide and goes through the motions of laughing. But it is mirthless laughter, like the yawning of a horse. Look closely into this simulation and you will perceive that the simulator is not amused. Then she has a long and totally unfunny drunken scene, after which she spends the rest of the time looking like Norma Shearer's mother! In my view this is the worst performance I have ever seen Garbo give, and it is made to seem all the worse by the brilliant acting of Ina Claire, who sounds all the notes of polished comedy. Garbo in this film has two notes, and two only, and the resulting see-saw achieves a monotony which for me kills the performance stone dead.

The film itself is in Lubitsch's best vein and extremely witty, which merely accentuates the poverty of the central performance. Instead of being as of old, the major plum in the pudding, Garbo's performance is the one piece of suet in an otherwise entirely delectable dish.

FROM TWO LONDON SHOWS



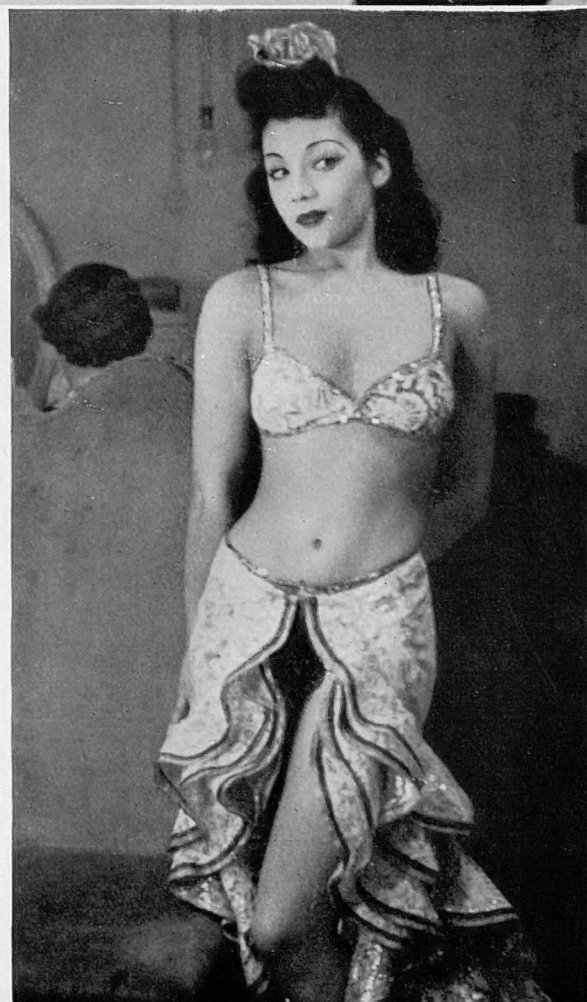
PHYLLIS PEARCE (ALSO ON RIGHT)
SOLO DANCER IN "LIGHTS UP"



TWO STUDIES OF MARQUEEZ, THE DANCER,
IN "FIG LEAVES" AT THE ADELPHI

Photos: Bertram Park

The new Cochran show, *Lights Up*, has dug itself in at the Savoy, and thoroughly lives up to the very good title which was selected for it. Phyllis Pearce, who is responsible for the solo dances, hails from America, and this is her first London appearance, with the exception of appearances at the Berkeley cabaret. Before the Second German War, Phyllis Pearce danced in almost every capital in Europe. Marqueeze is dancing in that also somewhat well-titled show *Fig Leaves*, at the Adelphi. The pictures were taken in her dressing-room





AT THE WEST WATERFORD POINT-TO-POINT

Frank O'Brien

Miss Anne Gregory, joint-Master of this sporting Irish pack of foxhounds, presenting Mrs. Ivory with the Sargent Cup, which was won by her horse, Kinch Raider, at this meeting

BACK again in uniform after a lapse of many moons I find myself entranced by the old-world charm of the officers who return my salutes in the West End of London, and not only do they return my homage to their superior rank with a beaming smile, but in nine cases out of ten accompany it with "Good morning." My recollections of the higher commands of yesteryear, were that any actions on the part of those with one pip must automatically be wrong, and rewarded with a scowl. Seldom in a somewhat chequered career have I been so genuinely touched as I was by an elderly general in Pall Mall who smiled on me and said, "Good morning, my boy." I can only say that "my boy" to an old cup of tea of forty, who feels every day of it like myself, is the equivalent to "baby" to a faded chorus girl. There's nothing I wouldn't do for that old general, for at last I know what it means for one's heart to belong to daddy. When I regard my contemporaries ablaze in their military glory, I wonder whether I was wise to lay down the sword in favour of the pen at the early age I did, but I console myself with the thought "that it was great fun while it lasted, but it's just one of those things"—"it" being, of course, the bit of trouble which has got us all back into the Crown suits we had thought we'd never wear again. It has been suggested to me that I should get to work on my autobiography and call it "Twenty-two Years a Second Lieutenant," and I welcome the suggestion. The masterpiece when completed will be about the same length as "Gone With the Wind," but will be a more human story, and I hope will enjoy a better circulation. My military experience of the present war is not sufficiently extensive for me to ascertain that the geniality aforementioned extends to all ranks and all units, though I most sincerely hope it does. I do know though that it was singularly lacking at the end of the last war when the second in command of a certain unit with which I was stationed always referred to the junior officers as those b—y boys. This term of endearment was even carried so far as the cricket field, and I remember his pointing an awful finger at me and shouting, "Come here you b—y boy, I don't know your name, and field silly point." The old so and so then proceeded to bowl long hops just outside the off stump. It was this selfsame martinet who spoilt my record of not having missed a single day's racing at Ascot since the war, by detailing me to play in a regimental cricket match on the day Irish Elegance won the Hunt Cup in 1919. I arrived late, made a duck and missed a catch, which should have learned him, but I hasten to add that I was trying for me blinkin' life, as I was far too intimidated to do otherwise, and that my failures were the result of circumstances over which I had no control.

I like to think that in this democracy of ours we have benefited by the barbarities which are carried out under Fascist and Bolshevik régimes in the name of discipline and for the preservation of law and order, and that we really now appreciate that it's not necessary to be perfectly bloody to most people to get the best out of them. There are exceptions of course, but the average young officer will react rather more quickly if he is spoken to civilly, than if he is addressed as a

Racing Ragout

By QUINTIN GILBEY

bloody boy. It has often been said that the fate of nations has been decided by the livers of those in command, and I can well believe that there is much truth in this, for how different does the world look through a hangover, compared to when we have risen bright and early after ten hours' sleep. Medical science has made rapid strides in recent years, and nowadays thanks to M and B, 'flu and consequent pneumonia have lost many of their terrors. I have never yet, however, heard of a very satisfactory cure for a hangover, the result of nocturnal wanderings beginning at Quaglino's and continuing through the whole gamut of dissipation at the Café de Paris, The Four Hundred, Nut House, etc. There would be a fortune and a statue in Leicester Square for the man who discovered a satisfactory antidote for late hours and alcoholism, and what a service he would render to his country, for many hours' work must be lost annually owing to sufferers being unable to stir the grey matter into activity on the morning after. The French have endeavoured to insure against wartime hangovers by closing everything at eleven, while in London no one on leave thinks of retiring to bed, at any rate for good and all, before four. This depicts the respective attitudes of the French and ourselves towards the war. The Frenchman is terrified that he should not be considered to be taking this war sufficiently serious. Nothing else counts, no sacrifices are too great; he thinks of nothing else, this *guerre* has got to be won, and the *sale Boche* put in his place. In England we are equally determined to beat Hitler but the average Englishman is terrified lest any one should accuse him of taking it too seriously. "Oh, yes, we've got to win it, and when we're working, we'll work like hell, but for heaven's sake let's have a bit of racing, hunting, fishing and shooting as well, and while we're about it let's go round the town and get a bit tight, and if you know any nice girls bring 'em along, too!" Personally, I'm all in favour of the English attitude towards one's hours of relaxation, but I can imagine the more serious-minded and less pleasure-loving Frenchman finding it a bit difficult to understand. The Jockey Club and National Hunt Committee have been criticized for not showing their hands with regard to the race meetings to be decided or not to be decided during the forthcoming months, but as any one who has ever played cards knows, you can't show your hand until you've had it dealt you and, so far, the ministers who decide these matters, have not spilled the beans. I understand that transport is the great difficulty, but this does not seem to explain why a customary three-day meeting at Newmarket should have been reduced to two days, and that the Easter Meeting should be restricted to one day only.

An elderly gentleman came into my club the other day and announced to a friend of his that his wife had presented him with a fine eight-pound son. His friend made no comment, at which the proud father asked with some annoyance if he wasn't going to congratulate him. The friend still made no comment but related the following somewhat strange story. "Years ago I was in wildest Africa in pursuit of rare butterflies, and I had only my butterfly net with me. Suddenly, a great tiger leapt at me and in sheer desperation I struck it with my butterfly net. To my amazement the great animal dropped down dead, and it was not till months afterwards that I heard there was a man up in a tree with a gun."

The biggest laugh I've heard recently occurred in another club, when the following message came up on the tape: "Secret, not to be discussed, not to be communicated, not to be broadcast . . . 'Gatwick Races have been abandoned.'" And some people say we're not taking the war seriously.

* * *

It has been officially announced by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, that the substitute races for the Derby and Oaks 1940, entries for which closed on February 27, are to be run, if possible, at Newbury on June 12 and 13. If for any reason not at present apparent, the Newbury course should not be available, these races will be run over the Suffolk Stakes course at Newmarket.

The New Derby is a sweepstake of 100 sovereigns each with £2,000 added money; half forfeit if declared by the Tuesday of the week before the race is run.

THE FISH RUN BIG ON THE BOYNE: START OF THE IRISH SALMON-FISHING



GAFFING A 20-POUNDER FOR MRS. HUDSON-KINAHAN ON THE SLANE CASTLE BEAT



MRS. EVELYN SHIRLEY AND HER 21-POUNDER

MISS JOY O'RORKE ON THE SLANE
CASTLE BEAT

Photos.: Poole, Dublin

MRS. HARRY MEADE AND MAJOR
JOHNNIE O'RORKELADY LAMBERT AND FRIEND
"HARRY" AT BEAUPARC

The season on the Boyne opens a bit later than elsewhere in Ireland, but the reports to hand say that there is every promise of a record one here and elsewhere in the country. On the Boyne, when these pictures were taken, the water was said to be a bit heavy, but the fish were running big and two warrantables are in the pictures at the top—the gaffing snapshot a real bit of luck for the camera. Mrs. Hudson-Kinahan is the widow of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. Hudson-Kinahan, Master of the Island hounds for many years. Major Evelyn Shirley, husband of the other fisherwoman, is Joint-Master of the Meath. Major Johnnie O'Rorke, famous polo player and big-game shot, is again renting the Slane Castle beat, and his daughter, who goes so well with the Meath, is helping him fish it. Lady Lambert has a party at Beauparc and is having very good sport on the Blackcastle beat of the Boyne. Another picture appears on page 292 in this issue



MISS PEGGY WEBSTER AND MRS. E. O. FAULKNER,
JOINT-AUTHORS OF "FINLAND TO THE ARCTIC"

This book, which describes the authors' adventurous journey on skis and by reindeer-drawn sleighs through the frozen wastes of Finnish-Lapland, is shortly to be published by Skeffington and Sons. The authors are the daughters of Captain F. A. M. Webster, the well-known novelist, and Mrs. Webster. Mrs. Faulkner was married more or less recently to Lieut. E. O. Faulkner, R.A.

Crazy Town.

A GENERATION ago, young people who fancied their charms and talent went "on the stage." That they went off the stage almost as soon as they went on it hurt their *amour propre* excessively, but it gave some good typists, clerks, motor-salesmen and shop-girls to the world. They had had their egotistical fling and failed. They expected to soar to the top in one, so to speak, but just couldn't get both feet off the ground. Of course, if they had private means, some of them succeeded quite well up to a point. It was curious, a generation ago, how many young men and women decided to go on the stage, or, peradventure, paint. Paris and London were—probably still are—crammed with young people who believe they can paint. Or, if they can't paint, then they can write. Or if painting or writing seems to demand too much initial drudgery, then the films offer a golden opportunity to startle the world. The stage, even when your family believe you to have been born a Bernhardt, demands a hard apprenticeship; so does painting, no matter how short a cut surrealism seems to offer the ambitious but incompetent. But acting for the films can almost be taught to a dummy, provided he, or she, photographs well, and the producer, having discovered his new face, knows when to switch the scene elsewhere, when it looks as if the time had come when the star simply must do a bit of real acting or look foolish. No wonder Elstree is crowded with extras and Hollywood seethes with people of all ages who believe that, if only they could attract some director's eye, even Garbo would find herself alone—involuntarily.

It is pathetic, but it is also ludicrous, since one of the laws of Hollywood seems to be—according to Charles Landery's remarkable new book, "Hollywood is the Place!" (Dent; 6s. 6d.)—that no director has ever heard of anybody unless somebody else tells him, and consequently simply won't look, even at a celebrity, unless a few million people have

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

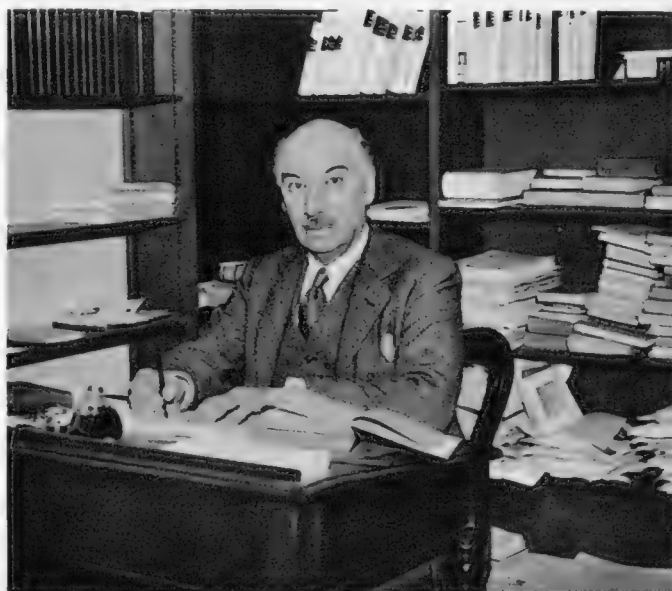
told him he ought to have a squint! No wonder Hollywood must be one of the silliest and saddest places in the whole world. The curse of which is, that when once you are there, faith in to-morrow's luck won't let you go again; until at last you are no good for anything, and have sunk before you have had the chance to swim. This interesting, amusing, pathetic book is quite the best I have ever read on the real Hollywood scene. I say "real," because it is the kind of Hollywood which ninety-five per cent. of its inhabitants know it to be—the extras, the electricians, the stand-ins, the bar-loungers, the lodging-house-keepers and their lodgers; surely the strangest assortment of humanity from all over the world who arrive in high hopefulness and quickly degenerate into low nothingness! The whole life is a lottery, with the odds against you in all directions, and luck arriving, for the greater part, apparently, *via* a bed in which sex matters little or nothing, or at least stands an even chance either way.

The title of the book is taken from the town's main advertisement, but in reality it ought to read, "Hollywood—what a place!" It is not even beautiful. Its glamour is the glamour of the "tuppence coloured"—dazzling only to nitwits. Its self-importance, combined with lack of culture, is one of civilisation's best jokes. It is probably the most mentally and spiritually provincial town in the whole world for its size. It is also one of the most tragic. But because it is a town inhabited, as no other town is, by people all crazy over false values, whose god is money, it is unique. And as a study in humanity in the pathetically raw, it offers limitless opportunities. And it is because Charles Landery lived with the vast majority of the failures that his book is at once so moving and so entertaining. He is one of the best travel-writers I know, because he wanders in the background of the scene, so to speak, to give us vivid pictures of what most people know as life and its sad adventure. If you remember his most unusual autobiography, "So What?", you will be overjoyed when I tell you that "Hollywood is the Place!" is another step in his own personal experience, a step which you follow amused, entertained, and interested intensely all the time.

A Queer Heroine.

Carol Blackstone, the heroine of Mr. Peter Traill's unusual story, "Golden Oriole" (Methuen; 8s. 3d.), is very queer. She is extremely fey (or isn't she?); she liked to be by herself; but, when she wasn't, she kept bursting out into lines of poetry, punctuated by such adjectives as "bloody." Her husband, Roger, was a war-cripple; incurable, but with faith rising with the arrival of every fresh doctor. He was a doubly unfortunate man. He loved his wife, he loved his daughter, he had a host of friends—friends who seemed determined to cheer him up by suggesting that he should face the fact that he would never walk again! Probably he was most beloved by his manservant John, who looked after him like a mother. Otherwise, the atmosphere of the Blackstone home was singularly arid of affection. Inevitable, perhaps, when three of its members considered themselves to be trapped. Carol felt trapped because she wanted to be free of a crippled husband and all those personal relationships, often called friendship, which interfere without succouring. Roma, their daughter, felt trapped because she wanted to go out into the world and do something. What she wanted to

(Continued on page 276)



LORD BERNERS—MUSICIAN, AUTHOR AND PAINTER

A snapshot taken in the Tylorian Oxford (the Taylor Institution for Modern Languages). Lord Berners is sorting and cataloguing a recently acquired collection of material on Dante, and it includes a paper by Mr. Gladstone endeavouring to prove that Dante visited Oxford. The slender clue is based on the fact that the Thames gets a mention in one of Dante's works

PROMINENT PERSONALITIES IN CANADA



H.E. C. H. CROMWELL, THE NEW U.S.A. MINISTER TO CANADA, AND MRS. CROMWELL



H.E. THE AMERICAN MINISTER (C. H. CROMWELL), MR. JOHN FARR SIMMONS (COUNSELLOR AT THE U.S.A. LEGATION) AND MR. DAVID McK. KEY (SECOND SECRETARY)

All these pictures were taken shortly after the new American Minister to Canada had taken up his appointment, and two of them, at any rate, were taken in the American Legation in Ottawa. The new Minister's beautiful wife is reputed to be America's richest woman. Sir Shuldham Redfern, who is in the group at the bottom of the page, with the Canadian Prime Minister and his Excellency and his wife, was Secretary to the late Lord Tweedsmuir, Canada's Governor-General, whose recent and untimely death has caused such great grief in the Dominion and throughout the whole British Empire and also throughout the literary world at large



SIR SHULDHAM REDFERN, THE RT. HON. W. L. MACKENZIE-KING, PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA, AND H.E. THE AMERICAN MINISTER AND MRS. C. H. CROMWELL

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

do she didn't seem to know, but she wanted to do it very badly. Even John, the manservant, felt trapped, because he yearned to return to being a deep-sea fisherman; but not so long as his master lived would he leave him.

Well, one trapped person in a home is apt to lead to sourness all round; while three can only achieve an atmosphere of sheer acidity. Nor did the three family friends, who were on a visit to attend the coming-out ball of Roma add greatly to its gaiety. Barry was in love with Carol; Dora, his sister, had loved Roger Blackstone in the past and still hankered; while Stewart Kingdom, who was Roma's godfather, encouraged her to leave home to do that something which she so much yearned to do. Which made Kingdom's wife very jealous and gave her the opportunity, if either of them required an opportunity, to quarrel as two traditional fishwives bent on keeping up the tradition. Consequently, these people and the circumstances which apparently trap them all, are not conducive to a peaceful and happy domestic atmosphere. No wonder the whole meeting ends in murder—an original murder accomplished for an original motive. Briefly, murder by suggestion, backed up by a cunning plan. What became of Carol at the end I was never quite certain. She disappeared, throwing away violently every vestige of her former trap, since death had relieved her of its main gaoler. From being fey, she seemed at last to go unquestionably mad. Even so, it seemed strange that nobody traced her when she disappeared. There is a scene at the end, however, which seems to suggest that she turned into a finch, of the rare golden oriole variety. Anyway, her queer character dominates the story, as it should do. I won't say she was an attractive woman, but she was certainly arresting. She saw things; she was full of premonitions; she scented death. She and her machinations certainly give an additional tang to a story which is as unusual as it is entirely readable.

Impropriety Comes to a Village.

Remembering the charm and originality of Mr. Anthony Thorne's first book, "Delay in the Sun," I felt very disappointed in his new novel "Cabbage Holiday" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). It is an oh-so-gay little comedy, contrived, so to speak, from stock. It might possibly have been funnier had not all the characters been such puppets—the kind of puppets which have been done to death by too many writers of the urban viewpoint who wish to guy what they knew Suburbia would mistake for the typical rural scene. The theme promises well in the beginning, if you can believe that a middle-aged Frenchwoman, owner of an expensive red-lit establishment in Paris would, after being recommended by her doctor to take a long rest-cure in England, decide on becoming the paying-guest of an impoverished colonel's widow who inhabited a large house in a remote English village. Even an impoverished colonel's widow usually asks for social references, but when Lady Weald thought

that the name "Fauquet" might be that of a French countess, Mrs. Stillebotham jumped at the idea. Happily, Fifine Fauquet landed on a typical English village for light fun. Mrs. Stillebotham was one of those women who have one foot in the Y.W.C.A. the other in the Urban District Council; one hand in this and the other in that; her daily life one conglomeration of so many good works that she got them all mixed up in her hair, so to speak. Her daughter was a young colt, and her son was a prig; and her servants spoke pure Hollywood "cinema-ese." While down at the village pub, conversation could not possibly have been more rural if it had been staged by the B.B.C. in a studio.

There was Gwendoline Lady Weald, who was a snob, and lived in the Big House, and, happily for all concerned, there was in the village a laundry run solely for the benefit of fallen women. Let me add that there was also a clergyman who spoke only in poetical clichés, and a retired major who spoke only in the language of flowers. And both these gentlemen fell in love with Fifine Fauquet—the French within her being the attraction. Being an English village, the facts of life were, of course, all over in the wrong places. Then there was a typical village fête, and one day Fifine Fauquet had to address the fallen women of the laundry, her speech consisting of the two words: "Be prepared." Speaking personally, it might all have been funnier if the humour had not been so deliberately prepared and the rural characters not quite so familiar—not in real village life, but in books about it.

Lizzie Borden.

Among the famous trials for a murder which people remember—forgetting the majority, happily—the case of the Borden murders still stands out. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has reconstructed it in the form of a story—"Lizzie Borden" (Hutchinson; 8s. 3d.)—adding to the original account the character of Hiram Barrison, an ultra-respectable, prim young man whom she suggests might have been the true motive behind the crime. Remember, it was lack of motive which saved Lizzie Borden's life, in spite of the fact that most people at the time, as well

as posterity, have judged her to be guilty. When the murders were committed, it seemed impossible that a young woman, of rather a frail physique, could possibly have killed with such ferocity her father, Andrew Borden, and his second wife. And yet there was no one else in the house at the time who might possibly be guilty. Lizzie's proved actions pointed directly at her guilt. And yet she was acquitted and, except by conjecture, the murderer has never been found. Even as a recital of plain facts it is an enthralling story, but Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has embroidered it with all the expert art of one who knows how to deal with tales of excitement and mystery. The result is a first-class thriller; a thriller which would have been, perhaps, even more memorable had she not sought for a motive and found Hiram Barrison, a not-too-convincing solution.



"VICTORY"

From a drawing by Mr. Leonard Huskinson, who is now giving an exhibition of his pictures at the Calmann Gallery, 42, St. James's Place. Mr. Huskinson designed some of the mural paintings for the British Section at the recent New York World's Fair

SERVICE UNITS—No. 21



AN R.A.F. TECHNICAL SCHOOL—BY "MEL"

Owing to the fact that almost everything that anyone says may be held to be "calculated to convey valuable information to the enemy," it may be taking a hideous risk to hazard that an R.A.F. Technical School is the very Harley Street of those who follow the profession of Icarus and Dædalus. This may land this paper in "The Clink" or "Stew," but nevertheless we believe that the statement is categorically correct. Personalities are, however, moderately safe, provided that they are not rude. It is not so to say that Air-Commodore the Hon. John Boyle is a brother of Lord Glasgow, and was originally in that gallant unit whose regimental march is "I'm Ninety-Five," and that Lord Dudley is a peer of the realm and was formerly in a regiment which hated dancing. It is necessary to be very guarded

"DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS"

AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE

OUTSIDE the spoken words, Mr. Eugene O'Neill asks a lot from any actress playing Abbie in his *Desire Under the Elms*, which has been licensed at last by the Lord Chamberlain for public performance in this England. Her face, according to the author's directions, should express "rather gross sensuality"; strength and obstinacy should be indicated by her jaw, a hard determination in her eyes, and an untamed, desperate quality by her personality. Yet she must be pretty, or rather purty. In this drama of fearful passions on a New England farm, where men are lusty, earthy and inarticulate, "purty" serves for everything half-way to being pleasant, whether it be the sky, sunrise, sundown, the house or the local harlot. Abbie and the farm itself (which her husband, old Farmer Cabot, gloats over, and his son Eben urgently covets) become on occasions of special rapture "durned purty." And when Abbie, taking advantage of the old man's wish to sleep in the warm and restful barn, where he kin talk to the cows, has seduced her stepson in a parlour haunted by his own dead Maw, and has thus given her husband another son who is really a grandson, the mother holds that the infant is "purty's a picter." They are that kind of people, on that kind of farm.

Abbie, further in the directions, should fix "glowingly possessive" eyes on Eben while he still resists her. Thereupon, "their

physical attraction becomes a palpable force, quivering in the hot air." Later, when he has returned her kisses but hurled her away on suddenly remembering his hatred, "they stand speechless and breathless, panting like two dumb animals." Down in the parlour,

before their lips meet in a fierce, bruising kiss, she is required to display "a sincere, maternal love in her manner and voice—a horribly frank mixture of lust and mother-love." To convey all this must be quite a task for any leading lady.

Nevertheless, it is what Miss Beatrix Lehmann conveyed to me, although I had not at the time read the play, and was too far back in the stalls to hear any pants, or remark any glow of possession in her eyes. Miss Lehmann conveyed it all despite my recollection, whenever she turned half-left, let her hands fall rigid, bent backward slightly and came all over queer-like, that she had struck almost the same attitude in *Mourning Becomes Electra*, and also in last year's thriller, *They Walk by Night*. Thus far, the acting even overcame, in my case, the horrid thought that this exceptionally bucolic family were American first-cousins to the one in *Cold Comfort - Farm*, Miss Stella Gibbons's diabolic satire on "stark" farm-stuff in literature and the drama.

All this tends to prove, yet again, that Miss Lehmann is a bit of a genius at acting strange and intensive passion. She is well partnered here by Mr. Stephen Murray, whose Eben suggests just what his author intends; an unsettled, defiant young man, full of repressed vitality and desperate for he knows not what. Together, this Eben and this Abbie are, up to a point, like people possessed. They fairly wallow in desire. They strike deep notes from a play in which the first two Acts are among the most potent written by any twentieth-century playwright.

And then, the notes diminish, just when they should swell for tragedy. Eben, misled into believing that Abbie



EBEN
(STEPHEN MURRAY)
AND
ABBIE
(BEATRIX LEHMANN)

TOM PITT

has used him merely to get her a son so that she can inherit the old man's farm, rages against her as a cheat and a whore, whom he will never see again. Abbie, distraught, smothers the infant, believing that, when it is removed, she and Eben will be free to love as before. The "big" scene when Eben, having been told of the crime, shrinks in horror and rushes off to fetch the Sheriff, should magnify the contestants as agents of terror on the grand scale. And the final scene when Eben, repenting his rage, decides to share the guilt and go with Abbie to prison or death or hell or wherever else, should be alive with the need for pity. Only somehow, the terror and pity are a great deal dimmer than the earlier lusts and violence. The lovers, from being urgent and full-blooded, lessen into figures on a highly-coloured screen.

The reason, I think, is that too much tragedy is compressed into the climax, with too little preparation for it. Enough happens in this last Act to fill a tale of two hundred thousand words by Thomas Hardy. Here, the guilty lovers must ring over-quick changes between passion, pain, hatred, frenzy, dumb suffering, fortitude, repentance and spiritual exaltation. It is as though they were acting, about as ably as it could be acted, the details in a well-written newspaper report of the tragedy. The one instance in which terror does loom and pity does purge is when the old man learns of the child-murder and the deception he has undergone; and it is the character of the ancient



PETE
(GEORGE E. WOODBRIDGE)
AND SIMEON
(RICHARD GEORGE)

TOM
TIT

that promotes it. He is permitted by his author to stay firm as a rock, in nature as in physique, whether his mood be one of boasting and bullying, possessiveness, fury, sorrow or religious fervour.

Mr. Mark Dignam plays him finely, with power and an air of odd, gaunt dignity; although he all but neglects the near-sightedness which is Father Ephraim's only weakness.

Messrs. Richard George and George Woodbridge clump, roar and spit with useful gusto as the bucolic half-brothers. The neighbours are all that one imagines New England neighbours to have been in 1850. The manipulation of four rooms and an exterior within a single set is well arranged, and adds to the interest of an arresting production. I could have wished though that the Westminster stage had left more room for exterior display of the elms, and of effects from the farm which is one of the play's main characters. And I should have been delighted to have seen one or more of the cows: they must have been a good deal more companionable than these humans.

FATHER EPHRAIM
CABOT
(MARK DIGNAM)





NAZI-ISM

By GRACE LODGE



THE HON. HENRY AND MRS. CECIL AND THEIR SON JOHN AT THEIR SUFFOLK HOME

The baby's full names are John Strongbow Amherst and he has not yet reached his second birthday. The Hon. Henry Cecil is the brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Amherst of Hackney, who succeeded in 1919, and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil, who was married in 1938, was Miss Rohays Burnett, only daughter of Major-General Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys, whose seat is Cathes Castle, Kincardineshire. The Hon. Henry Cecil was formerly in the 7th Hussars and his brother, Lord Amherst, in the Blues

Photos. : Bassano, Dover Street

SOCIETY AND DOMESTICITY



GORILLAS KNOW BEST

By MICHAEL ARLEN



HOMO SAPIENS

NOW this story was told to me by an Armenian explorer called Kalamoozian, and if you tell me that you do not believe a word of it I can only answer that nobody in the world would say he was an Armenian explorer called Kalamoozian if he could reasonably say he was somebody else.

The story tells how not long after the war a Hollywood motion-picture company was filming a picture in the wilds of Africa. It is not known what the picture was supposed to be about, and all that matters to us here is that a gorilla called Kongo had an important part in it. Now Kongo was a young and splendid gorilla who had enjoyed a great deal of publicity in England and America, for he was unusually intelligent and amiable, and it was said of him that he could do everything a man can do except forge a cheque or swallow an insult.

His part in the film called for great ingenuity, but Kongo supplied this with ease, and the producer congratulated himself and the company, in that language which American film producers mistake for English, on being about to give a great creative work to the world.

The story required, as Hollywood stories will, that Kongo should find himself in an aeroplane over the jungle with a drunken pilot. Of course this had nothing to do with real life, but what the hell? The drunken pilot then had one too many and became insensible. The aeroplane was approaching jagged mountains of that peculiarly perilous kind which pilotless aeroplanes in films inevitably approach. Kongo was alone with an insensible man, one poor helpless ape with the life of a human being in his hands. Did the ape hesitate? Sweeping the drunkard away in the very nick of time, he took charge of the machine, looked long and prudently for a safe landing, and then made a perfect descent.

That was the story, largely taken by fake shots in models on the ground. Kongo's presence in an aeroplane in flight was needed only for a few "realistic" close-ups of his kindness to the drunken pilot, and the camera-man was concealed in the machine. What actually happened was that as the pilot drained his bottle and started to act insensible, according to the story, Kongo caught him in one huge hand and threw him overboard, then smashed in the camera-man's head with the pilot's bottle, and took charge. Then, cheerfully waving a huge hairy arm at the appalled upturned faces of the company below, amongst whom lay the pilot's broken body, and as an afterthought throwing the camera-man down to join them, he turned the machine towards the mountains and disappeared.

Kongo flew a long way. Once over the mountains into the flat country, he flew low. This was his land, and he was searching for his people. He did not know where he was going to, all he knew was that he was happy and proud and strong. This was his land, and he was coming home to his people.

It was lucky for Kongo that many aeroplanes had passed over Central Africa to the Cape, for now his people no longer hid themselves in fear from the giant birds. Flying low, he

saw many small scurrying figures amongst the trees, but he passed on, for these were but the small and humble servants of his people, the great apes whose blood was his blood and whose seed was his seed. And when at last he spied them, a great concourse of gorillas standing unmoved by fear in their pride and wisdom and strength, Kongo's heart exulted exceedingly and he waved at them and bade them follow him, for he was searching for an open place, as he had seen men do. Time and again he had been taught by film directors how to manage or pretend to manage cars and motor-boats and aeroplanes, and so now he did this and that and finally landed with a mighty bumping. And he went proudly towards his people, who welcomed him gravely.

"I am Kongo," he cried, "taken from you as a child and held in captivity amongst men. And now I am come back to my people with

glad tidings of the wrath to come."

"I am Atma," said the leader of the apes, an old and wise ruler who had enjoyed more than ten thousand wives. "I am Atma, and all these are my children, as you are my child, in whom I rejoice. Now come and we shall feast together, and then I shall apportion you a hundred wives to pleasure your homecoming."

"Let him first tell his story!" cried the young and warlike gorillas.

"After the feast," said Atma the wise, and so it happened that towards sunset Kongo addressed the concourse of his people and told them the story of man. He told them all that he had learnt and seen, and he spoke of the great marvels of progress and science, of telephones and radios and aeroplanes. And when he spoke of the mighty wars in which men rejoiced to destroy themselves, and when he told how men were so enamoured of cruelty and death that they welcomed them with a glorious pageantry of bright flags and shining weapons, then the young and warlike gorillas rose with flaming eyes and cried: "Huzza! Why are we not men also, thus to destroy our enemies!"

Then Kongo told them how it was a wonder and a glory to see men dressed for war in iron and steel, and he said to them: "And so I bring you glad tidings of the wrath to come. For we are a warlike people, and the blood of our enemies is our drink, and the corpses of strangers gladden our eyes. But we are puny destroyers and humble killers, without forethought, without science, without civilisation. But now I am come home to you with the accumulated wisdom of man, so that henceforth we shall not destroy our enemies in their tens, for I shall teach you how to slay them in their tens of thousands."

Then the concourse of gorillas exulted triumphantly, and all slept that night with excited hearts. But when they awoke in the morning Kongo lay dead at Atma's feet, and the old ruler said to them: "I have slain my son Kongo because he lied to us, and his lies were as the smell of corruption. He lied to us when he said that he had been held in captivity amongst men, for those from whom he has escaped are animals like ourselves, but stronger and more treacherous. I am the wisest of apes, and my father was the wisest of apes, and my father said to me that many many years ago a tribe of apes migrated to the cold northlands and multiplied and prospered and became the race of man. He said this race of man was called Homo Sapiens, and he said that Homo Sapiens lived in shining palaces and fertile fields, all sharing in the bounty and happiness and health of all. And that is the truth, and therefore Kongo lied, for the years of his captivity cannot have been spent amongst men but amongst strong and treacherous animals. Therefore I say to you that you, my children, shall aspire to become what other apes have become, Homo Sapiens, and I say to you that we do not wish to imitate the animals whose aeroplanes prowl over our lands and whose weapons slay us from afar. Now get you gone to your tasks, and dream of Homo Sapiens, who is noble and wise."

NAAS GOES JUMPING YET ONCE AGAIN



MR. AND MRS. H. M. HARTIGAN,
FAMOUS TRAINER AND WIFE



MR. J. H. DE BURGH, MISS DOREEN AIZLEWOOD,
MRS. AIZLEWOOD AND MISS ANNE MITCHELL



MRS. NESBIT WADDINGTON
AND MR. DICKY PRICHARD-JONES



LORD GLENNAVY AND MRS. JOHN
L. ESMONDE



MISS MADELINE MINCH
AND MR. LARRY EGAN



LADY CAREW
AND MRS. C. MITCHELL

The outstanding events at Naas on the day these pictures were taken were the successes of Charles Rogers and of Dan Moore, the crack Irish steeplechase jockey. Rogers saddled "Fair Von" and "General Chiang" to win their respective races, and these and "Smerwick's Nephew," who won the Leixlip 'Chase, were ridden by Moore—a grand day out! Miss Dorothy Paget's "General Chiang" had his third in a row when he won the Newbridge 'Chase. Owen Anthony trains Miss Paget's horses in our country and has four of them in the National, "General Chiang" not being one of them. Another owner much in the news is Mr. Larry Egan (see picture), owner of "Jack Chaucer," winner of the Red Cross 'Chase at Leopardstown and now much fancied for the Irish Grand National, run at Fairyhouse on Easter Monday. Hubert Hartigan and equally popular wife are well-knowns both sides of the Irish Sea and very constant supporters of the Meath. Mrs. Waddington, who is with Sir John Prichard-Jones's brother, is the wife of the manager of the Aga Khan's Irish stud. Brigadier John Aizlewood, some of whose family are in one of the top pictures, is at present serving in India. Lord Glenavy, well known in Ireland's yachting world, is with the wife of a famous Irish K.C.; and finally Mrs. Mitchell, seen between races with Lady Carew, is the wife of Major Mitchell, a former Master of the Kildare and now on service



TIM DURANT, NIGEL BRUCE
AND OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND



WILLIAM GOETZ SUPS WITH
CLAUDETTE COLBERT



HOLLYWOOD'S DINING
THE FRANCO-BRITISH



BASIL RATHBONE BUYS
FROM ANNABELLA



FRANK CAPRA
AND HEATHER ANGELL



INCLUDING MAUREEN
O'HARA AND MRS. JOE

RUSSELL BIRDWELL AND



MERLE OBERON WITH BILLIE BURKE
AND DAUGHTER



BRIAN AHERNE WITH WIFE (JOAN FONTAINE)
AND LEE RUSSELL



ANNABELLA
CHARLES BOYER

It may be taken that this big ball, which was given last month at the Cocoanut Grove for the Franco-British War Relief Fund, is some kind of a straw indicating the direction in which the tide is setting. Thanks to the fine efforts of the world's friends, the cinema stars, a picture business—not all of whom are Americans—worked like the proverbial beaver, giving the willing purchasers any change. They also put on a big show, which also roped in as much possible to cram into the limited space of an underline to this picture gallery to enter a collection of talent which is displayed, and it is therefore only possible to say that only a few of the stars in these pages. There is this further—pedigrees and performances hardly seem to be a difficulty over it, for many of these brilliant people are with us in London on the

DINNER-DANCE FOR BRITISH WAR FUND



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
AND JOHN LODER



AND ELLAINE SHEPPARD



MAUREEN O'HARA AND
BOYER



HERBERT MARSHALL
AND LEE RUSSELL



CHARLES LAUGHTON
AND PAT PATERSON



JUDY GARLAND
AND MICKEY ROONEY



MYRNA LOY TACKLES
HORACE HERDT



RALPH FORBES, FAY WRAY
AND BOB RISKIN



MAUREEN O'HARA, OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
AND RONALD COLMAN

at Grove Ambassador Hotel, in aid of what is called in the city of Hollywood
section in which the wind of Americans' sympathies towards the present conflict
a sum of \$17,000 was raised—a most tangible total. All the greatest in the
ever to make it go, selling cigarettes, selling anything and declining to give
roped in not a few dollars. It would run into a far longer story than it is
er into intimate and intricate details of the individual performances of the big
about one-third of the brain and beauty which was present has been assembled
to be necessary, for the film fanatic will supply them and not have much
the silvery screen at the present moment, and many more have been and will be



Utudjian, Paris

MADAME DOORNIK WAR-WORKING IN PARIS

"Priscilla" says in her "information" concerning this charming lady: "Complete in rubber suitings, gas-mask and gloves (but minus ye 'at) is ready for anything the skies may let fall except that it would be such a pity to spoil that dinky car"

"I GOT 'flu, You got 'flu, All God's chillun got 'flu. . . and don't we hope; Très Cher, that the devil's spawn—I presume you know what I mean—has (or have?) got 'flu, too! I wish them the worse kind—the kind that goes to one's liver and makes one bilious (and when I write "bilious" I mean b—— bilious!). May they have the kind that fills one with aches and pains and snuffles, and may they have fantastic températures and be given filthy medicines that do not cure but merely add to the natural collywobbles of the foul illness! I am well up on the various forms the disease takes, having spent most of last week in one of the cars of an ambulance outfit rounding up sick soldiers and conveying them to hospitals north, south, east and west. Hard lines for them to finish up their leave on the sick-list, and I hated yanking them from the midst of the family feather-bed and trotting them off to the hard but infinitely more sanitary cot of a sick-ward.

This has been no amateur job—in fact, I have gone all official in my old age and have allowed myself to be gold-buttoned into a dark blue top-coat complete with Red Cross brassard and a most dashing little *chapeau* worn askew, the latest thing in Pontenville hair-cuts and lounge-lizard "perms."

After having sneered at all this rushing into uniform, I feel rather a fraud on discovering that I really quite like the look of myself with all the trimming on. Over here, however, we only wear uniform when on duty, so we shall still be able to run up the same old accounts at the *frivolités* shops. Bills and business as usual.



"WING-TIP TO WING-TIP WITH OUR FRENCH ALLY"

That is what Air Marshal A. S. Barratt, A.O.C.-in-C., British Air Forces in France, said, and above he is seen at his headquarters discussing the situation with General J. M. Mendigal, Second in Command of the French Air Force

Priscilla in Paris

Being under the orders of the military governor of Paris, we are allowed to park our private cars in the *cour d'honneur* of never-mind-which barracks when we come up for duty, and my word, don't we think a lot of ourselves when the sentry salutes us! But enough of the frills. The daily round is no eight-hour-day affair and every moment is full of interest. There is plenty to laugh at and quite a lot to make the old heart ache, but the French of the poorer class are amazingly cheery and optimistic. Generous, too, in their eagerness to offer a *petit verre*, a cup of coffee, or the almost inevitable *cerise à l'eau de vie*.

The first time I climbed one of those interminable, steep, waxed, wooden stairs that wind from floor to floor in the towering *immeubles* of the more populous quarters of Paris I felt horribly intrusive and therefore apologetic, but the little thing in the pink-flowered overall who opened the door welcomed me as if I had brought her Adolf's head in a garbage-can. Gurgles of joy. "You'll make him well, won't you? He won't listen to me!" was what she crooned over and over again as she buttoned her man into his great-coat while I cruelly emptied his pockets of a dozen great slabs of chocolate. "But I like chocolate!" he protested. There was no doubt that probably he had liked it far too well and far too long if there was any truth in the diagnosis on his medical sheet.

The families of the lads we collected all seemed to imagine that we not only drove an ambulance and, turn-and-turn about, came to collect, but that we were nurse-doctor-surgeon-and-matron all in one. When we tried to explain that we were merely there to fetch and carry, they simply smiled and continued to press presents upon us. They no

doubt felt that we represented the last link between their soldier-boy's civilian life and the military world that they could only try to imagine. In return for their touching confidence in us, the only thing we could do was to swear that the hospital we were bound for was the "finest in Paris," and God forgive the lie—if it was one. It was a matter for congratulation that all our 'flu cases could walk. I thought I knew my Paris well, but it was humiliating to find how ignorant I am of certain districts where little streets interlace like the threads of crochet-work.

It is almost impossible to take an ambulance through some of the narrow lanes we have visited, and it would have been quite so to have manœuvred a stretcher down the old wooden staircases in houses dating from the seventeenth century. So picturesque but summat unpractical. At many of the homes we went to we discovered, after fruitless knocking and ringing, that the key was on the door. The inference being obvious, we entered and usually found our victim in bed and utterly disinclined to stir. Tact, patience, and deft valeting works miracles, however. I feel now that when the war ends I shall always be able to earn my living as a "lady valet" if all else fails.

The malingersers are more difficult to deal with, but we caught one of them out quite beautifully. Arriving with a couple of male stretcher-bearers to collect an "urgent appendicitis," we found him playing billiards at the *café* downstairs. "The *toubib* said you were coming to-morrow," he complained ruefully. "Didn't he tell you to wait in bed?" we demanded. "Ye-e-s . . . but . . ." was the answer, and that "but" will cost the lad a mort o' trouble. They do like obedience in the Army, Très Cher!

PRISCILLA.



THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

By WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

A charming scene caught by the expert and gallant artist whilst certain stalwart persons were busy mooring one of our vigilant coastal patrol after she had come off sentry-go

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

AN Irishman and a Jew, discussing the merits of the great men of their respective races, got into a heated argument. Finally, the Irishman said: "I tell ye, Isaac, fer ivery great Jew ye can name ye can pull out one of me whiskers, and fer ivery great son of Erin, I'll pull out one of yours. Are ye on?"

Isaac agreed. Pat reached over, got hold of a whisker, and said, as he pulled, "Robert Emmett."

"Moses," said Isaac, and pulled one of Pat's.

"Dan O'Connell," said Pat, and took another.

"Abraham," Isaac retaliated with a vicious yank.

"Patrick Henry!" cried Pat.

"The Twelve Apostles!" yelled Isaac, pulling out a handful of whiskers.

Pat let out a howl of rage and pain. He seized the Jew's full beard with both hands and roared: "The Ancient Order of Hibernians!"

* * *

Two farmers were practising with a rifle. The first farmer pointed to a cow some sixty yards away.

"See that fly on the cow's back?" he said. "Wal, I'll bet I kin knock that fly clean off."

"Got to show me, Ezra!" cried the other farmer. "I'm from Missouri."

Ezra lifted the rifle, took careful aim, and fired. The other farmer started to tear his hair.

"You fool!" he shouted. "You didn't kill that fly—you killed my cow!"

Ezra put down the rifle.

"Wal," he drawled, "that was only my first shot!"



ARIMAN BANU, THE SNAKE-DANCER AT NEW YORK'S EL MOROCCO

Two cobras are stated to be the attractive lady's playmates in her snake-dancing act, and for them as likes them...! Ariman Banu is half-Turkish and half-Yugoslavian, and it is said that she started snake-charming at the tender age of nine and has performed before Maharajas in India and other distinguished personages in other parts of the world

The chief of a firm was approached by a junior member to know if he would take his usual number of tickets in the firm's annual sweepstake. The second prize, he was told, would be a motor-car, and the third a radiogram.

"What's the first prize?" he asked.

"Oh," was the reply, "the first prize will be a torch battery."

* * *

Hitler, after presenting Iron Crosses to a large number of his officers and men, discovered one man left—but no more crosses.

His face fell in dismay, and then, smiling happily, he patted the man on the shoulder and said: "Never mind, my good man. You shall have an egg for your tea!"

* * *

The hungry out-of-work actor raced into the pawnbroker's office. He slipped a watch on the counter, while visions of a juicy steak floated before his eyes.

"What can I get on this watch?" he asked.

The pawnbroker examined the timepiece and noticed that one hand was missing.

"I can't take a chance on this watch," he advised. "The minute hand is missing."

The actor caught the pawnbroker by the sleeve.

"So what?" he cried earnestly. "You can always sell it to a guy who isn't in a hurry!"



MISS JOSEPHINE MACDONALD AND THE HON. DAVID HERBERT IN "HEIL, CINDERELLA!"

This amusing pantomime is now repeating its country successes in London at the Fortune Theatre, and Miss Macdonald, who arranged all the dances in the show, plays the part of a soldier, and Lord Pembroke's younger son is cast for Buttons

The recruit had marched for miles and miles [through the pouring rain. When he reached barracks he reported to the sergeant.

"'Ere, Sarge," he said, "did you tell me this was a battle-dress I was wearing?"

"Yes," replied the sergeant. "Why?"

"Well," said the recruit, "just look at the darned thing now—it's shrunk to a bloomin' skirmish!"

FOR THE FILM FAN



RICHARD GREENE AND VIRGINIA FIELD
IN HER HOLLYWOOD CAFÉ



ELLEN DREW: STAR IN THE NEW FILM "GERONIMO"



BRENDA JOYCE, WHO IS IN "LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"

The most exciting of the films pictured in this page is *Prisons de Femmes*, which opened its adventure at the Embassy Cinema, Tottenham Court Road, on February 22. Viviane Romance and this picture have had a prodigious success on the Continent. The main clue is that Margaret Deval plays the part of a procuress. The rest does not demand much guessing. Virginia Field, who is a niece of Auriol Lee, has started her own restaurant in the San Fernando Valley, and has called it "A Bit of England." Both she and Richard Greene are British, and most promising. Ellen Drew is busy in *Buck Benny Rides Again*, and is in *Geronimo*, a story of the Indian wars and the U.S. Cavalry, which opens at the Plaza, March 1; and finally Brenda Joyce made good in *The Rains Came*, and is now a lead in *Little Old New York*.



VIVIANE ROMANCE AND MARGARET DEVAL
IN "PRISONS DE FEMMES"



Howard Barrett

H.Q. STAFF Nth CAVALRY BRIGADE

It is not permissible to say whether this particular Brigade is mounted on "plugs" or petrol, but some of these officers know quite a bit about horses. Brigadier J. J. Kingstone has been Commandant at Weedon and Sir Peter Grant Lawson has ridden a lot of winners between the flags

Names: (l. to r.) Mr. Henry Hunloke, M.P. (Derbyshire), Captain V. G. Toler-Aylward, Captain Sir Peter Grant Lawson, Brigadier J. J. Kingstone, Mr. L. P. G. Kelly and Mr. Michael Crichton

WHEN we who are mere Sassenachs have heard the saying: "Ye canna' tak' the breeks aff a Hielander," we knew that this must be true, because, so far as the Southron knows, the real Hielander has never worn them with that historic and martial garb which is said to be as suitable for warfare as it is for the other thing in which all is unfair. Now, apparently, the authorities want to "tak'" the kilt off the Hielander and put the breeks on him. For winter-campaigning and for the less decorative side of war the present combination battle-dress may have its points, but tradition and *esprit de corps* are dangerous things with which to monkey, and it is for this reason that so many will wish luck to Cameron of Lochiel, the Duke of Montrose, Sir Ian Hamilton, and their gallant supporters in a fight against a measure which every true Highlander justly regards as an outrage. Next thing I suppose they will want to abolish "The Pudden King" and the Pipes.



Frank O'Brien

THE JOINT-MASTERS OF THE WEST WATERFORD

Mr. Ion Villiers-Stuart, a former Master, has come on as Joint-Master with Miss Anne Gregory in the unavoidable absence of Mrs. P. G. Grey (née Miss Anne Hickman)

Pictures in the Fire



"CELEBS." AT AN OXFORD DINNER

Mr. R. A. B. Butler, M.P. (Under-Sec. for Foreign Affairs), Mr. R. H. G. Edmunds (Pres., O.U. Conservative Association) and Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P. (Oxford University). The place was the Randolph

Lonsdale on the occasion you speak of. I can speak with certainty on this subject, for on the day I retired as a Major in my Line Regiment—the 1st Loyal North Lancashire—in the summer of 1907, I was gazetted as a captain (Major in the Army) in the Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry. Lord Lonsdale was then C.O. The following is a correct description (so far as I can give it) of the very elaborate Full Dress. I was fitted out by Thompson, Military Tailors, of Dover Street (now gone out of business). Scarlet Tunic (white facings) cut to the waist like a Horse Gunner's, lavishly trimmed with silver lace. The pelisse similar, the edge trimmed with sable. Wide dark-blue pantaloons, with a broad silver stripe, intersected by two red lines. Hessian Boots silver-laced—silver-chased spurs.



THE COMTESSE CHARLOTTE VAN LIMBURG-STIRUM AND FRIENDS

A pretty picture taken recently at St. Moritz where, at any rate whilst the snow lasts, life goes on much as usual. When the snow melts in the spring . . . ?

And touching and concerning uniforms, an officer who desires to remain anonymous has written me a most interesting letter anent a reference made in an appreciation of Lord Lonsdale and the uniform he wore at a State Ball at Government House, Calcutta, when he was a guest of the late Lord Curzon, then Viceroy of India. I stated that my impression of it was that it was a dark bluey-green Hussar kit, and that it was the full dress one of the Northumberland Hussars. The officer who writes to me, and who was in them, says that their tunic was scarlet—so it is obvious that whatever uniform Lord Lonsdale wore on that occasion it was not that of the N.H., for most emphatically the tunic was *not* scarlet, an unusual colour in any case for any Hussars. However, here is the officer's letter, which is most categorical:

I constantly read your article in *The Tatler*. In your appreciation of Lord Lonsdale, in the issue of February 7, page 189, you say: "Lord Lonsdale is the only man who has shown that very handsome Northumberland Hussar full-dress kit east of Suez." Lord Lonsdale did *not* command the Northumberland Hussars, but the Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry (Hussars). Will you forgive me saying so, but your memory has failed you in your description of the uniform as worn by Lord

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

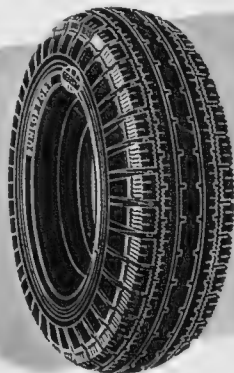
**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



The evolution of the wheel belongs to an unrecorded age—so remote that it seems almost within memory that the Assyrian, chariot-driven, "came down like a wolf on the fold." Yet thousands of years were still to pass before there was evolved that indispensable adjunct of fast and safe modern travel—the DUNLOP Tyre

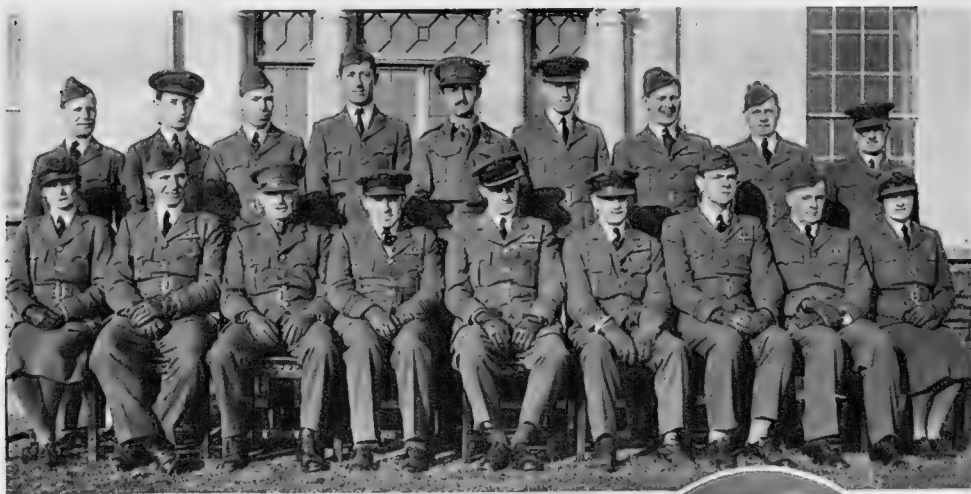
D U N L O P

WITH TEETH TO



T Y R E S

BITE THE ROAD



A HEADQUARTERS R.A.F. GROUP SOMEWHERE
IN SOMEWHERE

With Public Liar No. 1 and his mis-shapen mouthpiece screaming and frothing worse than ever because they are getting some of their own medicine, our lips are tighter sealed than ever

The names in the group, however, can be stated to be: (l. to r., standing) F./O.s College, Trent, Clarke, P./O. Plastow, Flt.-Lieut. Currie, Flt.-Lieut. Reus, F./O.s Brown, May, Ames; (sitting) A.S.O. Melhuish, Sq.-Leader Butler, Major Smith, Sq.-Leader Barker, Group-Captain Cole Hamilton, Wing-Com. W. R. Read, M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C. (Officer Commanding), Flt.-Lieut. Page, Flt.-Lieut. Wilson, and A.S.O. Badcock

Gossip.

THERE is no doubt that the Fougasse drawings warning the public against giving away information which may be of value to the enemy are good. But their purpose may be questioned. In aviation the campaign for munniness and dumbness is perhaps more vigorous than in other spheres, and I wonder if we are not here losing a sense of proportion. In the first place, there must be criticism—not only newspaper criticism, but the more important word-of-mouth criticism of people discussing things freely with one another. We do not in this country rely upon the heaven-sent genius of one man to direct our effort but on the outcome of the free and critical discussions of many men. It is obvious that, if it cramps criticism and the spread of the facts on which criticism is based, this campaign against free speech may have in it greater dangers than those it is intended to cure.

Personally I think that there is a great deal of matter published every day with the authority of the Censor which is more damaging to the country's war effort than any of the gossip matter which the Ministry of Information is spending so much to stop. It is the old story that traitorous sentiments may be expressed by conscientious objectors and nothing done; but a chance remark about an aeroplane, every detail of which is known to the enemy, and there is frantic activity with police and prison cells. Careless talk is obviously to be condemned; but the idea that, when one is among friends, one should eschew all reference to Air Force matters is in my opinion a rapid road to inefficiency. Criticism and discussion are, and will always be, the best form of stimulus in this country.

Most people who follow aviation know of many far more serious abuses than gossip. One of them is the tendency to mete out special treatment to anyone who happens to be personally acquainted with someone in a high position. It is remarkable the amount of wangling of this kind that has been going on. The way some people get into and out of the Service, and change from this rank to that, and from this duty to that, makes one positively giddy. I think that the Government should put its own house in order on a basis of strict justice and equity before it begins to condemn gossip by the general public.

Story.

And now here is a piece of libellous but entertaining gossip of the non-censorable kind. It appears that two young Royal Air Force officers came up to London on twenty-four



Lafayette
AIR-COMMODORE F. H. M.
MAYNARD, A.F.C.

The promotion of Air-Commodore Maynard from Group-Captain to his present rank was gazetted on January 1, and was a fitting and well-deserved sequence in a distinguished record of service

aeroplanes to send over highly-coloured stories about the performance of United States aeroplanes. Vulture, Bell, Curtiss, and other types of fighter were considerably publicised and their performance figures freely quoted. Certainly some of these machines are fast, by which I mean that they do more than 650 kilometres an hour; but all new types of fighters will have to be fast if they are to have a chance of acceptance. Where the American machines usually fail is in armament.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

hours leave and that when they arrived they met two nice girls. One thing led to another, as happens on these occasions, and the next morning the two officers awoke with splitting headaches. The two girls, tenderly solicitous for their welfare, cast about for a cure. Finally they determined to improvise one with some materials they had with them, and they produced a small bottle. The liquid in this was then gently rubbed over the foreheads of the afflicted officers, who immediately revived and, when they set off to return to their station, were feeling perfectly fresh.

When they took off their caps in the train, however, they noticed that their fellow-travellers seemed to be taking a special interest in them. But it was not until they reached their squadron that they discovered the cause. Both of them had at the top of their foreheads a wide streak of platinum blonde hair. It took quite a long time for the effects of that improvised corpse-reviving to wear off. All of which probably has a moral somewhere or other if only one could think of it.

U.S. Aircraft.

The United States of America made the other day good use of the news black-out. They seized the opportunity which was offered by the ban on information about new British



Stuart
SUB-LIEUTENANT R. A. BRABNER AND
GROUP-CAPTAIN W. B. FARRINGTON, D.S.O.

The officer on the left has been the Member for Hythe since 1939, and in more peaceable times is a merchant banker. He has been a member of the L.C.C. from 1937



"Who is she?"

There was once a young lady—a customer in Yardley's of Bond Street—and she was so lovely that no one could help stealing glances of admiration in her direction. And how ravishingly dressed she was—a symphony of brown and haze green! Jacket and dress of fine crepe woollen with new "relief" appliqué . . . A Hershelle model—of course.

Look for the name HERSHELLE
on the label.

Hershelle
MODEL

HERSHELLE models are sold
by the better shops and stores everywhere. For the name of your nearest
retailer write to H. Bernstein Ltd., Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

THE GARDEN

By
NEIL BELL

WHEN Ted Macadam's wife Elspeth went away for a change of air, being run down in health, it was the garden showed the change in Ted's life most.

I mean it was a change which we in the village could see before our eyes; we didn't know what was going on inside the cottage, or inside Ted himself, because of Bess's absence, and he wasn't the sort of chap who gave confidences or invited them. Scots are supposed to be dour and taciturn, and Ted was a Scot by blood although the Macadam's had been living in the village since before Waterloo. He was certainly taciturn, and if dour means a sort of way of sticking things without any fuss or bother, he was that, too. The village didn't like him much, but they loved Bess, and I don't think that's an exaggeration. I know it's so easy to think and talk that sort of sloppy sentimental stuff and pretend people feel all sorts of things they don't feel at all, but in this case it really isn't far from the truth. We did love Bess Macadam; well, liked her very much indeed, if that sounds a less silly way of putting it. And naturally, not liking Ted too much and being so fond of Bess, people were bound to come out with that nonsense about what she could have seen in him and why she married him. I dare say it'd been said a thousand times in the village since they were married ten years ago.

She married him because she loved him. I do know that. You may think I'm the know-all sort, pretending to know a thing like that. Well, I'm not that kind at all; but I wanted to marry Bess too, and that's how I know. And there was no earthly reason why she should marry him if she didn't love him. Ted wasn't the only pebble on her beach any more than I was; and as nurse-companion to old Mrs. Welby she had a very good job, and would have been left money when the old lady died if she'd stayed with her, so everybody said. And then Ted wasn't much to look at. I don't say I'm an oil-painting, as the saying goes, but I'm a big, tall chap while Ted's no more than a shrimp. But, leaving me out of it, there were chaps wanting to marry Bess who could make rings round Ted in everything—appearance, manners, talk, dress, money, position, and all the rest of it; in everything except just that one thing (and it must have been pretty big) in Ted which made Bess love him. I don't know what it was, and I'll bet Ted didn't; perhaps Bess didn't, either; I mean she couldn't have explained it, and so I shan't try.

But don't get wrong ideas about Ted. What I've said belittles him. When I called him a shrimp I meant compared with me. I don't suppose he's much below the average, and he's straight and well-made; and if his face isn't the sort that gets into the films, it's honest and wholesome if a bit solemn; and when he looks at you it's a look anyone would trust (and I've never heard our worst back-biter deny that); and his smile, which isn't often seen, is good; that's the word, good.

And don't run away with the idea either that when Bess married Ted she married poverty and hardship. Nothing of the sort. Ted is first clerk at Simmondses, and when they married he was getting fifty shillings a week, and he's had two rises of ten shillings a week since then. So you see what with never having had children and Ted being a teetotaler and Bess a fine manager, they've always been comfortably off.

But it was the garden I started to tell you about and how it was that which made Bess's absence so plain to everybody in the village. Bess loved gardening, and did it all herself. You don't think that's anything to make a song about? Perhaps you don't know much about gardening. I'll admit Bess wasn't overworked about the house; Ted not coming home for midday and there only being four rooms anyhow; but then the garden was pretty near two acres. So you see it was worth making a song about. And so was the garden if there'd been anyone handy good at making songs. It's easy to be silly about gardens, and I don't want to sound-like that for I'm not the up-in-the-clouds poesy sort, but very much matter-of-fact and on the earth; but I've seen women in Bess's garden giving their eyes a wipe when they thought nobody was looking. Well, it somehow took you like that. I believe quite a lot of people do get upset when they're looking at something beautiful. And perhaps they're all the better for it. And Bess

Macadam's garden was beautiful. It was all flowers except for four apple- and three cherry-trees, and Bess kept them not for fruit as fruit but because the trees, whether blossoming or fruiting, were beautiful. There was nothing in all the garden just for usefulness, for its money value; everything in Bess's garden was there by right of its beauty. And this I take to be in accord with the best that's in this world, which has plenty of ugliness nobody can shut their eyes to. I've a pretty hard life myself, always working, and I can't help thinking sometimes how grand it would be to be no use at all but just beautiful to look at, like butterflies and flowers; you know, the lilies of the field that made Solomon in all his glory look just silly. I daresay a lot of people feel like that at times; one gets sick of doing things and the word progress; I know I do.

But it's Bess's garden I'm telling you about. The first thing one noticed after Bess went was that it began to look neglected. That was to be expected. Ted left home soon after eight and wasn't back till after six and he'd got to do all his housework and cooking and the rest of it; so it didn't leave much time for gardening. And then, too, it was September month and the flowers do begin anyhow to fall off then and make things look a bit untidy and forlorn. And yet somehow it was just a little bit more than quite that. Or people began to say it was; first one and then another until, you know how it is, everyone seems to be saying it or hinting at it. It was only hinting at first, but by the end of October people were saying it or, anyhow, whispering it; the sort of whispering that always goes with a lot of nodding and pulling solemn faces.

I suppose you might say little Ernie Cooper really began it all. Sid Cooper, the postman, was Ted's right-hand neighbour; he'd a big family and Ernie was his youngest. The boy had climbed over into Ted's garden to look for his ball; he came back without it and whimpering, and said he hadn't stopped to look because he was frightened, but he didn't know what of. And so Sid, who happened to be off duty that afternoon, went over and found it and chaffed Ernie for being a baby; but he told his wife afterwards that there had been a funny feeling about the garden, sort of chilly, uncanny atmosphere.

You can imagine the harvest that came from that sowing, for there's no keeping dark a story like that; and before the month was out there were scores of tales to match it from folk living near, or from some of Ted's not very frequent visitors, for he didn't encourage them. And naturally everybody who went into Ted's garden had that chilly, uncanny feeling and added bits to it about a sort of mouldy, graveyard smell, and that you didn't seem to see any birds in the garden, and cats avoided it, and Harry Finch's red setter Ken who ran out of the garden howling, and others who wouldn't go in at all, and much more of that sort.

I thought it all a bit silly; a neglected garden in late October's bound to look derelict and smell a trifle mouldy, and if it happens to be a dull day one shivers perhaps while walking in it; as for the birds, I can't say I noticed anything; and anyhow if the birds didn't go there I suppose the cats wouldn't. As far as Harry Finch's Ken goes I should say it was hysteria; dogs are liable to it and without any reason; for the others, I should say their owners imagined it all, having heard about Ken.

But Ted then did something which, I'll admit, seemed queer and made people talk all the more, and not in whispers either. He dug up the whole garden, manured it and got it ready for veg., so that the following spring and summer it was a vegetable garden and nothing else, except for the fruit trees, which he kept, not for Bess's reason, but for the reason he was growing veg.; their produce was saleable. As a matter of fact, he sold their yield as it stood to Prosser's the big stores at Santon, who were then taking all his veg. too.

Why was he doing it? We didn't know and we couldn't ask, not Ted. And something else was worrying us all by this time. Yes, that's it, Bess. She'd been away eight months now, and all Ted had ever volunteered was that her health wasn't any better, and she wasn't coming back yet.

It was this business of Bess's long absence which made people begin to take a pretty serious view of things and to ask questions, not of Ted, of course, but among themselves. There was the matter of letters. Sid Cooper never delivered

(Continued on page iii)



Then, life was natural, simple and full. To-day it is complicated, exhausting and nerve-racking. Your body is fighting an unequal struggle. Luckily, as the article below shows, 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food can restore the balance.

How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

In warfare, every new offensive weapon is quickly met by an effective method of defence. Poison gas brings the gas mask, more perfect aeroplanes are countered by bigger and better anti-aircraft guns, and so on. Luckily, science has already perfected an antidote to the latest form of warfare—the war of nerves. It is called 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. During the last war a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons that 'Sanatogen' "is a national necessity for preserving good nerves."

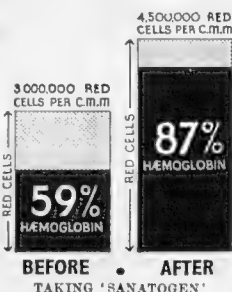
To-day, his statement is supported by more than 25,000 doctors who have written in praise of 'Sanatogen'. Ask your doctor about the effects of continued nervous strain. He will tell you that the strain can only be countered by adequate nerve-nourishment; that this nourishment is best supplied by organic phosphorus and protein.

'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food gives these elements in their simplest, most readily assimilable form—a form so pure and so easily digested that it can be taken, with benefit, by everyone—even invalids, small children and diabetics. Just as 'Genasprin' is accepted by the medical profession as the finest and most efficacious of all brands of analgesics, so is 'Sanatogen' recognised as being pre-eminent in its field.

If your nerves are getting the better of you, start a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food at once. But don't wait until the enemy's attack has weakened you. Start building your defence line *now*. By putting yourself and your family on an eight weeks' course at once, you will be safely entrenched behind a wall of assured resistance. Buy a family jar to-day

Tests prove that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food builds rich, red blood.

Among many interesting cases in which 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food has been used in the treatment of anaemia, is one reported by—M.D., M.B., D.P.H. It showed that after one month's use of 'Sanatogen' there was an increase in red cells from three million per c.mm. to four and a half million per c.mm. The count at the beginning of the treatment showed only 59% hæmoglobin. At the end of a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food, 87% hæmoglobin was reported—an increase of 28%.



'SANATOGEN'

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

A brand of Casein and Sodium-Glycerophosphate

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The words 'SANATOGEN' and 'GENASPRIN' are the Registered Trade Marks of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

SOUND SECURITY

More important than ever to-day is the significance of the name 'Player' to cigarette smokers. It is a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged.

MEDIUM OR MILD PLAIN OR CORK TIPS
10 for 7^d
20 for 1/1^d

Player's Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

NCC 517 G.



The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



AS Easter is within measurable distance, Asprey, Bond Street, have assembled in their salons appropriate gifts and will dispatch them in silken eggs. There is the diamond bracelet, and the oyster watch with bracelet. Important features are that it is dampproof and dustproof. Again, there is the diamond Royal Air Force brooch, and pigskin cigarette case with regimental colours. Very practical, too, is the silver and lizard-skin flask

FENWICK'S, 63 New Bond Street, realize that when "off duty" women need tailored suits. Therefore they are again this year making a feature of 10½ guinea models. There are ten designs in an infinite variety of materials. It is a 10½ guinea suit which is seen on the left of this page. It is carried out in a new wool material. The coat is outlined with braid and reinforced with a white simulated waistcoat

EVERY one must admit that it is a delight to wear a tailormade which has been designed and carried out by Bradley's, Chepstow Place. To them must be given the credit of the model on the right. It is expressed in black and white overcheck tweed with green and white threads running through it; made to order, with the coat lined with excellent crêpe de Chine, the cost is 13 guineas

Pictures by Blake



DON'T HAVE A WAR ON YOUR HANDS

SAYS PEGGY SAGE



Long WEAR—that is the important thing about your nail polish in war-time,' says Peggy Sage. And that is why thousands of busy women are using Peggy Sage's polishes—simply because they wear like diamonds, chip, peel and flake-proof for days. Every Peggy Sage polish is composed of two fine films, closely welded together. One grips and nourishes the nail fibres, and enables the visible film of gleaming lustre to remain flawless for longer than you'd ever dreamed a polish could.

Peggy Sage has pale and colourless polishes for service wear; a range of lovely, creamy pastels for war-work—and glowing, mischievous, dramatic colours for 'off-duty' hours. See the new colours in Peggy Sage's Stop Press. *You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters.*

FINGER-TIP STOP PRESS

Peggy Sage's latest colours (for off-duty hours) are :

SARI • FEZ • MANTILLA

Peggy Sage

Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist

SALONS :

LONDON : 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1 (at Corner of Grosvenor Street)

TELEPHONE : MAYFAIR 0396

PARIS : 7 PLACE VENDOME

NEW YORK : 50 EAST 17th STREET

New Spring Clothes for Children



1
Useful turquoise skirt and pink summer-weight stockinette jumper. Sizes 20, 22, 24, 26 and 28 in. Size 20 in. **59/6**
Rising 3/- each size.

2
Tailored coat for boys in brown/natural check tweed. Sizes 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 in. Size 18 in. **74/6**
Rising 5/- each size.
Cap to match 18/9.
Suit to wear with this coat from 39/6.

3
Practical coat in brown/oatmeal broken check, trimmed brown buttons and collar facing. Sizes 18, 20, 22, 24, 26 and 28 in. Size 18 in. **84/6**
Rising 5/- each size.
Hat to match 33/9.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES—THIRD FLOOR

Catalogue sent on request

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

LANGHAM 4444

DEBENHAMS LTD.



MISS ESME de JOUX
Elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. N. de Joux, C.M.G., J.P., and Mrs. de Joux, of Ballard Lodge, Alverstoke, Hants, whose engagement is announced to Captain J. C. Dent, eldest son of Sir Francis Dent, C.V.O., of 56 Curzon Street, London, W.1

Andrew MacLeod, of Glasgow,

Saturday Week's Wedding.
The marriage will take place on Saturday week at Holy Trinity, Brompton, between the Rev. Stanley A. Palmer, younger son of Mr. J. W. D. Palmer, and the late Mrs. Palmer, of Bridgwater, and Mrs. Florence Jacqueline Howarth, widow of James Howarth, J.P., of Ascot, and daughter of the late Captain H. J. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor.

Forthcoming Wedding.
The marriage arranged between Mr. Anthony Bailey and Miss Dickinson will take place at Stow-on-the-Wold on March 16, at 1.45 p.m.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Saturday's Wedding.
The marriage will take place on Saturday at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, between Mr. P. S. Campbell-Orde and Miss M. C. Atkinson.

Tuesday's Wedding.
The marriage will take place next Tuesday at St. Peter's Church, Budleigh Salterton, between Surgeon-Commander E. Cosman Davis, R.N., and Miss Vincent Smith.

Wednesday's Wedding.
The marriage will take place quietly in Glasgow next Wednesday between Mr. John R. Mather, R.A.F.V.R., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mather, of West Dulwich and Bombay, and Miss Peggy C. MacLeod, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew MacLeod, of Glasgow, Scotland.



MISS DIANA HAWDON AND MR. D. H. le ROY LEWIS
Whose engagement was announced recently. Miss Hawdon resides at Knodishall Red House, Saxmundham, and Mr. Lewis is in the 33rd Battery, 11th (C.O.L.Y.) Light A.A. Regiment, R.A.

Recently Engaged.
The engagement is announced between Monsieur S. X. Constantinidi, former Minister, Commercial Counsellor to the Royal Greek Legation in London, and Madame Madeleine Gérard, daughter of Mr. Maurice Gérard and Mrs. Gérard, of Cherry Tree Cottage, Kemsing, Kent, the marriage will take place shortly at the Greek Cathedral of Aghia Sophia; Mr. C. Antony Norris, Second Lieutenant, R.A.S.C., younger son of the late Rev. R. A. Norris and Mrs. Norris, and grandson of Mr. R. Hudson, J.P., of Grassholme, Stratford-on-Avon, and Miss Cicely Joan Hurcomb, elder daughter of Sir Cyril Hurcomb, K.C.B., K.B.E., and Lady Hurcomb, of 12, Campden Hill Court, Kensington, W.8; Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Blythe Rathbone, The Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire), only surviving son of Mr. George Rathbone, J.P., and Mrs. Rathbone, of The Martins, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire (formerly of Liverpool), and Miss Eileen Rosamond Salvesen, youngest daughter of the late Mr. H. A. Salvesen, D. J.P., and Mrs. Salvesen, of Lathallan, Polmont Stirlingshire; Mr. Colin Arthur Evans Biggs, son of the late Mr. W. E. Biggs and of Mrs. E. J. D. Biggs, of Garrick Close, Walton-on-Thames, and Miss Pamela Blanche Webster, daughter of Major P. L. Clive Webster, of 14, St. John's Road, Queen's Park, Chester, and of Mrs. H. N. H. Williamson.



MISS MARGARET BAYNHAM
Elder daughter of the Rev. J. H. Baynham, Assistant Chaplain-General to the Forces (retd.) and Mrs. Baynham, of Dedham, Essex, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Kenneth Rowland Swetenham Trevor, 22nd Cheshire Regiment, and seconded to the R.W.A.F.F., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. R. Trevor, of Upton Heath, Chester



(Registered design)

This fine example of Modern Craftsmanship suggests that Mappin and Webb—with over a century and a quarter's experience—are still responsible for some clever designing. There is a full range of Tea and Coffee Services at each of the London Showrooms:—156-162 Oxford Street, W.1; 172, Regent Street, W.1; 2 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.



By Appointment to
The late King George V

Mappin & Webb
LIMITED
CRAFTSMEN IN STERLING SILVER

The Garden

(Continued from page 296)

any letters to Ted with Bess's writing on it; he was sure about that and he said that when he came to think about it he was just as sure he never had done so since she went away. There was no getting away from that being very strange, with so happily married a couple as Ted and Bess. And that drove people back to the veges again, making them ask how Ted could have done such a thing and what would Bess say when she came back. And somehow they always said those last four words slowly and, well, as if they meant a lot more than they said.

And then, beginning nobody exactly knew how, and certainly I've not the ghost of a notion, it began to be hinted, then whispered, and then said, that Bess's body was buried in the garden. That was all that was said but it was plain what everybody meant; and by the time Bess had been absent a year people began to say that something ought to be done. You know the sort of thing; "something" but no one very clear what, or who was to do it. And then the something became definite; the police ought to be approached. Who was to do it remained in the air. But that presently became more definite: a round-robin was to be written out and signed and sent to the police station at Santon, stating our suspicions and the grounds for them. I say our suspicions, for although I refused to sign it I couldn't dismiss from my mind feeling that things looked fishy.

But before the round-robin could be sent it disappeared, in October. That, of course, got the round-robin off by the next day; but all the police did at first was to enquire at Simmondses who said that Mr. Macadam had asked for a fortnight's leave and this had been granted him with pay, owing to his long service of nearly twenty years. They said further that they had no reason to think he was not returning.

The police made inquiries at his bank but he'd not withdrawn any large amount for the simple reason that he hadn't a large amount to draw from and in fact had only a few shillings left in his account.

The police cogitated for a week, during which time they received a number of anonymous letters, some of which talked in a stily of writing to Scotland Yard.

And so the police decided to do something. Or perhaps they'd decided before the anonymous letters were sent. It doesn't matter one way or the other. Three constables, including White our own policeman, turned up with spades and shovels on the second of November; and before the week was out the garden looked like one of those archaeological excavations in Syria and Mesopotamia and other places. I expect you'll have seen them on the pictures, so you don't need me to describe just what had been done to Ted and Bess's garden.

And with the garden just like that Ted came back. He'd been out to Switzerland to bury Bess who'd been there fourteen months having the best medical attention and comforts that money could buy, the money that Ted got for the sale of his fruit and veges, as well as three parts of his salary.

Ted didn't say anything. Nor did we. For once we were too ashamed to even try to find words to explain things. Just as well we didn't try. There aren't such words.



{ "A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her?"

Tennyson.



There is no other Lavender with the charm and quality of the Yardley Lavender. The beauty of its wistful appealing fragrance has endeared it to many generations of fashionable Englishwomen. To-day it is established as an indispensable article of their Toilette. It is a delightful Perfume for every occasion, and for daytime daintiness and for the less formal evening engagements it is ideal.

Yardley

- ★ Lavender Perfume, 2/6 to 42/-
- ★ Soap, box of three tablets 2/6
- ★ Lavendomeal, 3/- and 9/6
- ★ Face Powder, 2/-
- ★ Talc, 1/2

LAVENDER

YARDLEY • 33 OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W1

Air Eddies

(Continued from page 294)

The pilots of the French *Armée de l'Air* give high praise to the American Curtiss fighters they have been using; but the gun power of these machines is relatively small and the guns are not heated.

That is a serious defect when so much air fighting takes place at a great height. Another thing they ought to consider in the United States, if they want to turn out good fighters, is the advisability of using air-cooled engines for these machines. They have produced most ingenious cowlings, but the liquid-cooled engine must always win in the competition for small frontal area.

Rank.

One of the things that has puzzled me a lot lately is the matter of rank. I meet old friends of vast flying and administrative experience, with many decorations for good work in aviation, and I find them at just the same rank as that in which they left off in the previous war—or at any rate the Royal Air Force equivalent to it. And then I find newcomers to aviation, some of whom have never even seen an aeroplane before, enjoying quite exalted rank.

That sort of thing does the Service no good. It should ensure that high rank is obtained only by those who have a solid backing of air experience. It is not good to see men of vast piloting and other air experience thrust back while the un-aired are favoured.

O. S.



PAT KIRKWOOD RETURNS TO "BLACK VELVET"

After a temporary absence playing in the successful Manchester pantomime, *Cinderella*, Pat Kirkwood, George Black's "overnight" star, has come back into the cast of the Hippodrome revue which has been re-dressed and re-spruced up to bring it into line with the changing wartime fashions and atmosphere. Pat Kirkwood, of course, gets back her hit songs "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" and "Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love," but she has been given a grand revival number called "Oh, Johnny!" written by Ed. Rose and composed by Abe Olman

ROUNABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1 ask for help to continue an allowance of 5s. weekly to an old lady of sixty-eight until she is eligible for her old age pension in 1941. She is the daughter of a gentleman farmer in the West Country and for many years looked after and supported an invalid mother, by taking in summer paying guests and making jams and chutneys. She is now too ill to do this and has no one to help her. Please help the Friends of the Poor to continue their help for another year.

Readers who wish to send their copies of THE TATLER to the Royal Navy, Army or Royal Air Force, should address them to: The City of London Territorial Army and Air Force Association, Finsbury Barracks, City Road, London, from whence they will be distributed to the fighting forces.

A start has been made with the preliminary rounds of the competitions organized annually by the London Federation of Boys' Clubs.

Three hundred and fifty entries were received from sixty-eight of the boys' clubs affiliated to the federation. All the eliminating stages are being decided at the Hoxton Baths, Pitfield Street, N.1. The finals will take place at the Empress Hall, Earls Court, on Monday, March 4, and already there has been an excellent demand for tickets for this ever-popular event in the London boxing season.

A CORRECTION

In our issue of February 14 we stated that Mrs. K. E. M. Goode was a Miss Sainsbury before her marriage. She was Miss Cornelius, and we wish to express our regret for any annoyance or inconvenience which has occurred through this mis-statement. Mrs. Goode, who, incidentally has ridden in the Grand Nationals, is now a Second Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards.

MORE POPULAR
THAN EVER



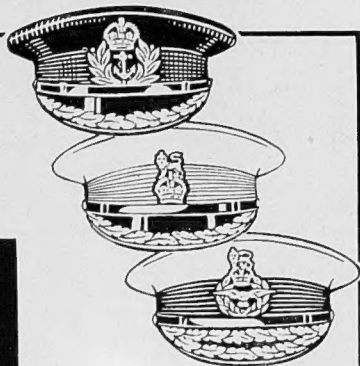
In the mess, in hotels, restaurants and bars—no less than in the home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale.

Brewed from British hops and barley; appetizing, refreshing, stimulating; Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

BREWED & BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1

As smoked by
those who prefer
Quality



Men in the higher ranks of life, in the Services and in private life, prefer really fine cigarettes to a few more of an ordinary brand. They smoke 555's because they have proved for themselves that no finer cigarette is obtainable.



100 State Express 555's may be sent DUTY FREE to H.M. Navy and B.E.F. for 4/-, postage paid.

STATE EXPRESS 555

THE BEST CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD • COSTS SO LITTLE MORE

THE GAY WAY TO HEALTH



LADY URSULA STEWART

is a great believer in Plain Martini Vermouth as a prelude to the meal. She finds it gives zest to the food and keeps one slim.

Martini Vermouth is a glorious rich wine that has that "certain something" other wines haven't got—natural aromatic herbs! Herbs that aid digestion and help to keep one bright and cheery. Herbs that act as a tonic on stomach, kidneys and liver—the secret of a youthful figure and complexion.

MARTINI

Vermouth

Product of Martini & Rossi, Torino

★ Refuse Inferior Substitutes—

look for the Martini label

DRY OR SWEET
DRINK IT NEAT



Smart sports outfit in checked flannel, tailored blouse with neat culotte skirt.

Specially suitable for the country, golf and cycling.

89/6

THRESHERS
64 GROSVENOR STREET, W.1

2 for
**FACE
and
HANDS**

Larola

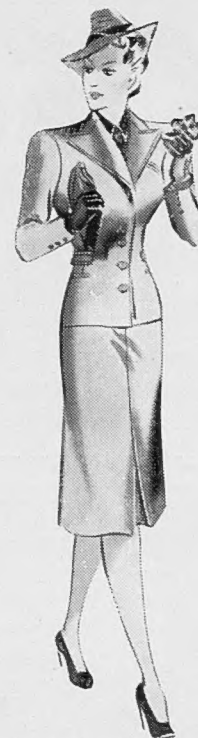
Tone the delicate skin-tissues of your face and hands with Larola—and you will have a sure "beauty-defence" against the aggressions of bitter winds and cold wintry snaps. Larola makes and keeps the skin delightfully smooth, prevents roughness, redness and chaps and thus adds immeasurably to your beauty, charm and comfort. A.R.P. Wardens... women on munitions and other war workers will find Larola a wonderful protection for the complexion and for keeping the hands soft, white and smooth.

1/6 and 2/6 per bottle

From Chemist and Stores or Post Free U.K. direct from
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.

Write for free Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty."

Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 Tablets 2/-, Single Tablets 8d.

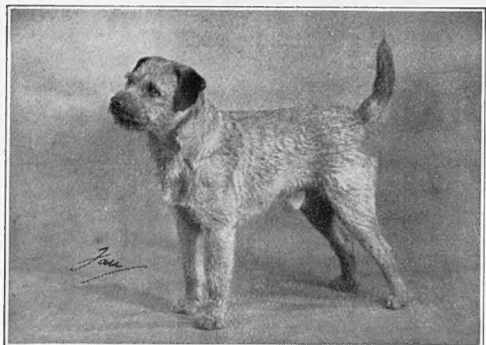


more than ever now, the corol credit plan is an absolute godsend in wartime.

call at the bond street showrooms and see the new spring collection, of which this man-tailored suit (8 gns. or 24/- monthly) is an example, or write for the spring fashion bulletin and use the postal department which has been so successful for the past 12 years.

corol

33 old bond street
london, w.1 (ref. t.1) regent 0234

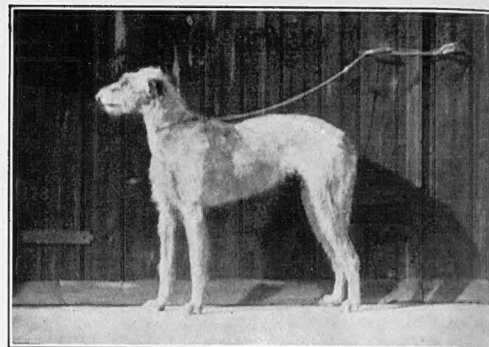


BORDER TERRIER
Property of Mrs. Twist

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There has been a steady demand for dogs all the winter. This has misled short-sighted people and we hear of plans for spring breeding. This is quite wrong—only the best should be bred from. The demand was entirely for dogs as companions and will die out as people get suited. The doggy community do not seem able to face up to things like the racing community or those who run agricul-

when spying the Roman Wall, had Border Terriers with them. So far he has not been spoilt, long may this continue; he has not been allowed to develop an abnormally long face or a hideous beard—so far! In character he is the most sporting of all terriers, nothing comes amiss to him; but he also makes an excellent house dog as he is not a fighter, and very affectionate. Mrs. Twist has only lately started her kennel, but has done very well and owns three champions. She sends a photograph of a young dog by one of them, Ch. Wedale Jock. Hall-bourne Hammond is a true Border of correct type. His dame was a wonderful worker, who got smothered

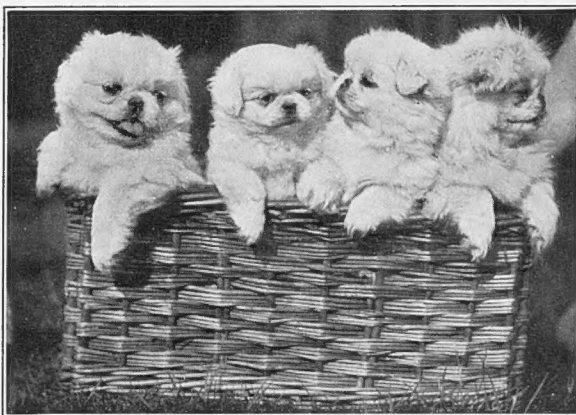


DEERHOUND
Property of Miss Barker

tural shows. I am truly sorry for all who are badly hit by events, but after all, we might be in Poland or Finland!

My position on this column is such that I hold no brief for any special breed. All are alike to me, but I must say my heart does go out to the Deerhound; on account of his long and honourable history, his beautiful appearance and delightful character, I always wonder more people do not take him up. He has become much better known of late, owing to the efforts of those who look after him. With regard to his character, Mr. Cupples, in his most interesting book "Scotch Deerhounds and Their Masters," describes him as follows: "How perfectly docile is the thoroughbred Deerhound, how gentle and familiar a housemate; a marvel of patience with little dogs and among children a plaything." Miss Barker has a small kennel of Deerhounds and has one or two for disposal at war prices. Her dogs have the great advantage of her personal supervision and are all brought up as friends, which makes such a difference. Two are winners. There are also a young West Highland dog and bitch for sale.

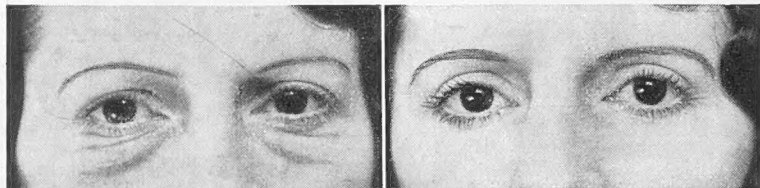
It is obvious that the Border Terrier comes from the Border. Though he has not been known in the south very long, his is undoubtedly a very old breed; I like to think that the Picts,



PEKINESE PUPPIES
Property of Mrs. Adams

was a great tragedy as she was a great favourite. Hammond should be a good worker with this breeding and he is certainly good looking. Mrs. Twist has reduced her kennels, but has occasionally a puppy or two for disposal.

One of the attractions of Pekinese is their range of colour, almost all colours are allowed. Mrs. Adams specializes in White Pekinese, really white, with black eye rims and noses. She writes an interesting letter *re* the food question and says, "I get paunches from the butcher which they love, also I get cow meat, very good, and rabbit occasionally. On difficult days I make do with tinned salmon and rice, and they are keeping fit and actually revelled in the snow." I have quoted this as one hears such nonsense about feeding. Mrs. Adams has some puppies for sale at present, and I can safely recommend these splendid specimens to any one who wishes to possess a hardy and delightful companion. She lives at Ardingly, in Sussex, and visitors are always welcome. All letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



EYE-BEAUTY *Unretouched photographs before and after the Hystogen Treatment.*

Whether or not the eye is endowed with an overpowering beauty, is firstly determined by the condition of the surrounding skin. Eyes set in loose, wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune, or ill-health and destroy the natural expression of even the brightest eyes. Fortunately this imperfection can be successfully, painlessly, and permanently corrected by the one sure method known to science, the Hystogen Method invented and practised by a famous Swiss specialist who has successfully treated 10,000 cases.

Whatever your facial worry, call or write

HYSTOGEN (Est. 1911)

Old Quebec House, 30 Old Quebec St., Portman Sq., W.1. Tel.: Pad. 5912

Perfect Coffee
instantly made!



Nescafé is concentrated Coffee in powder form. It retains all the fragrance, flavour and stimulating qualities of finest Continental coffee. Equally good for making black or white coffee. A spoonful in a cup—hot water—with or without milk to taste—and you have a perfect cup of coffee!

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT
Leading Grocers. 1/3 and 2/- Tin

-and here is
WARMTH

**THE GRAND
TORQUAY**

Write T. Paul for
Spring Tariff and Easter Programme

WE WILL SEND

THE TATLER

TO MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL NAVY, AND
H.M. FORCES IN FRANCE, at REDUCED RATES
6 Months 19/6 (Post Free) 3 Months 10/-

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher,
THE TATLER,
32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

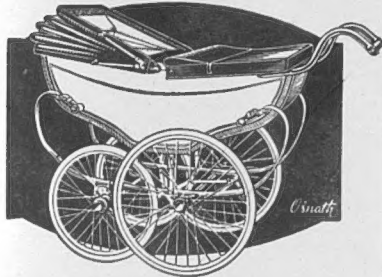
Please enter a subscription to THE TATLER for the following, in accordance with your special offer to members of The Royal Navy, and H.M. Forces in France, for ☐ 6 months ☐ 3 months.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
MY NAME.....
MY ADDRESS.....

No finer Baby Carriage in the World than

OSNATH
WITH THE FLOATING MOTION

You have only to see one to appreciate the superiority; you have only to **propel** one to know it has extra comfort, ease, poise and balance. OSNATH is the Rolls-Royce of Baby Carriages and the work of skilled craftsmen. Insist on seeing the name 'OSNATH'.



This is "The London"—the very latest achievement in Baby Coach design, styling and refinement. Note the new large wheels. Easier to propel, longer in wear, latest in fashion. These large wheels are available on other models at slight extra cost.

Our beautiful catalogue in colour will help you. Write:
ASHTON BROS. & PHILLIPS LTD.
19 Osnath Works, Warrington.



RIDE AND KEEP FIT

THE BEST WARTIME SERVICE IS TO KEEP IN GOOD HEALTH. RIDING IS THE FINEST EXERCISE FOR FITNESS

ALL RIDING REQUISITES
— good value and low charges

To Measure
Jodhpurs 28'-to 65'-
Breeches 25'-to 60'-
Jackets 35'-to 84'-

Ready to Wear
Jodhpurs 35'- & 45'-
Breeches 30'- & 40'-
Jackets 30'-, 35'-, 40'- & 63'-
Riding Waterproofs 42'- & 55'-

Complete Outfits for Ladies, Gents and Children
Goods sent on approval against suitable references

SEND FOR CATALOGUE To Dept. 30

Bedford Riding Breeches & Co.

19 NEW QUEBEC STREET MARBLE ARCH - LONDON

Two minutes from the Marble Arch

BROOKLANDS MOTORS want to purchase used cars of quality.
103 New Bond Street, W.1
MAYfair 8351

CONTINENTAL HOTEL

FRANCE

Cap Ferrat.—Gd. Hotel.—Between Nice and Beaulieu. Reopening. Full south. Quiet and peaceful. Beautiful park overlooking sea.

ENGLISH HOTELS

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

still offers winter visitors all the amenities and comforts that have made the hotel famous.

The ballroom and adjacent toilets have been made gas and splinter proof.

In the long sun lounge close to the sea you may enjoy the maximum of winter sunshine.

Special quotations for long term residents.

Telephone: **HASTINGS 869**

CARLTON HOTEL

Right on sea-front. Full South. Five-star A.A. Private suites if desired. Hot or cold sea-water baths. Tel.: 6560. Garage 60 cars.

BOURNEMOUTH

PRINCES HOTEL • HOVE

The aristocrat of South Coast Hotels offers a peaceful retreat "to get away from it all." Bracing breezes, good food and fine wines will make a holiday here one to be long remembered. Luxurious suites are occasionally available.

Hove 1066.

Bernella
REGD.
BLOUSES
'of the BETTER kind'

J. COWEN & CO. LTD. 1. BERNERS STREET. W.1. (Wholesale Only)

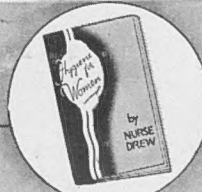
FOR SMOKING COMFORT WITH DENTAL PLATES!

FLYWEIGHT—finest quality Briar (weighs only 1 oz.) beautifully finished in natural or dark colour. Reading 5 1/2" long. Sports, 4 1/2" long. Price 8/6 each (post free). Or 36/- per half-dozen.
ALLEN & WRIGHT LTD.
6 Piccadilly Arcade S.W.1
Established 60 years.



Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

ASK YOUR CHEMIST
FOR FREE BOOKLET



"HYGIENE FOR WOMEN"
BY NURSE DREW

RENDELLS
PRODUCTS
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

If you wish, write to NURSE DREW, VICTORIA HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

TO AVOID Pain and discomfort AFTER MEALS

Why should you dread mealtimes, and suffer such discomfort afterwards?

If acid is turning your food tough and making it impossible for your stomach to digest it, take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They will relieve the acidity at once, and therefore banish your indigestion; and it need never return. Buy the Tablets now and save yourself another attack.

Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/- . Also family sizes 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.



MILK OF MAGNESIA
BRAND
TABLETS

SLIP A 6^D BOX
IN YOUR POCKET **OR BAG**

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia



You are assured of Five Star Service, good food and courteous attention at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay

Overlooking lovely Torbay. Every facility for sport. Fine Tennis and Squash Courts, Resident International Professional; Free Golf; Music and Dancing. Special terms to members of H.M. Forces, their wives and to long term residents.

Brochure from A. Chapman
Telephone 4301/5

**IMPERIAL
HOTEL
TORQUAY**

Under the same direction the same charming Private Hotel, standing in the same grounds, provides perfect service with similar facilities for sports and dancing at a more moderate tariff. Central heating. Brochure from Miss E. Richards

BUNGALOW HOTEL



THE SILENT POOL. Has your good name gone into it?

TO pool or not to pool, became a question of vital importance to the community. In a trice the motorist was invited to forget all he knew about his favourite branded "juice," and every town and village pump bade him take to Pool! Here was an example of standardization which everybody agrees is fully justified.

Fortunately, the early months of this strange war have enabled the authorities and business men to assess the relative national values of control and freedom of action, and it now seems clear that the Government is disposed to relax some of the restrictions which stifle courage and energy, which is vital if business is to carry on. Control of material is inevitable; distribution may be re-oriented, but when goods or services reach the selling stage, there must be that free and competitive spirit without which a business structure—big or small—cannot be expected to function to the utmost for the national good.

This aspect of wartime operation is well worthy of reflection by business executives and especially by those whose financial investments have been made in concerns whose product names were in themselves an absolute guarantee that money was well and safely placed.

In recent months many good names—great names—profit-making names—have been threatened with obscurity through the undue curbing of prudent advertising expenditure. With proper regard for all war effort; to those who fight, to those who grow and transport our food and to those who make our munitions of war, it is to those who can SELL British merchandise at home and in overseas markets that we must look for the making of money with which to pay the war bill.

Companies whose products are of high reputation need not run the risk of

consumer obscurity. If national needs indicate that "spend now" is not a patriotic theme, the institutional and prestige-sustaining campaign is well justified and highly valuable against the happy day when Britain can get back to normal business. A number of great firms are adopting a "holding on" campaign in the great publications of the Illustrated Newspapers Group: The "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," The "TATLER," The "SKETCH," The "BYSTANDER," The "SPHERE," The "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" and associated monthly magazine, "BRITANNIA AND EVE."

In a gale the sapling snaps, whilst the mighty beech and oak stand firm. These great papers have stability which the wars of nearly one hundred years have failed to undermine.

ASK YOUR ADVERTISING COUNSEL

A BUSINESS OUT OF SIGHT SLIPS QUICKLY OUT OF MIND

Announcement by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Telephone: Holborn 5904